THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For NOVEMBER, 1813.

VOL. X.

The Fifty-ninth Number.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

PAGE

1. Elevation of the Columns of French Ordnance to be erected in Russia 257
2. View of Grosvenor Square 275
3. Ladies' Morning Dress 300
4. ——— Evening Dress . . . . ib.
5. Patterns of British Manufactures, with Allegorical Wood-Cut 302
6. Patterns for Needle-Work.
7. Pyne's Figures.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Conversations on the Arts, by *Juninus* 249
A Tour through Derbyshire and Part of Staffordshire (continued) . . 257
Two Princes and two Pillars . . 265
The Debating Society 268
Miscellaneous Fragments and Anecdotes. — Singular Reason for releasing Prisoners—Saffron—Erratum in the Spectator—Friendship in Clement XI.—Important Arts lost—Prohibited Books—Varisot—Milton's Person—Comparison of a Lady to the Sun—Antiquity of Rousseau's Arguments against the Arts and Sciences—Eccentric Character — Trial of Love—Iwan IV. 270
Description of Grosvenor-Square . 275
The Modern Spectator, No. XXXII. 276
On Commerce, No. XXXVI. . . . 281
Intelligence, Literary, Scientific, &c. 282
Musical Review.—Lanza's Elements of Singing—Mazzinghi's Overture to Henry IV.—Venua's "Le Retour du Guerrier"--Entre Nous, Nos. 27 and 28—Lacy's "O Lord, who never failest" — Pilbrow's Kyrie Eleeison—Howell's The White Cockade—Blewitt's La Violette—Bishop's In Pity hear—Corri's Duets for Flutes—Ferrari's Divertimento for the Harp—Horsley's "Her Eyes the Glow-Worm lend thee"—Mayer's 2d Concerto 287
Retrospect of Politics. — German War — Upper Elbe — Bohemian Army — Silesian Army — Brandenburg Army under the Crown Prince of Sweden—Lower Elbe —South of Germany — Spanish Peninsula—United States — Domestic Intelligence 291
Fashions for Ladies 300
Medical Report 301
Agricultural Report 302
Allegorical Wood-Cut . . . . . ib.
Poetry 303
London Markets 307
Meteorological Table—Manchester 308
Meteorological Table—London . 309
Prices of Companies' Shares . . ib.
Prices of Stocks 310

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any Part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. Serjeant, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. Guy, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

It is impossible to mistake the motive of the Correspondent who dates from Windsor; *but it must be obvious to all who are in the least conversant with the nature of a periodical work, that it would be utterly impossible to adopt every proposed alteration, without totally deranging the plan.*

The Elegy *by* D. M. *is inadmissible.*

The Biographical Memoir of Mozart, *which was promised in the present Number, will extend to such a length, that it has been thought advisable to reserve the whole for a new volume.*

Amator's Elegy *arrived too late for the present Number.*

A Pedestrian *is informed, that his paper is received, and shall have an early place.*

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For NOVEMBER, 1813.

The Fifty-ninth Number.

———The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(Continued from p. 193.)

MISS *Eve.* I have read a song which treats of some eminent ladies who have been mistresses to monarchs; of Madame de Maintenon it says,

She that so long in France did rule the roast,
Was nought but Scarron's leavings.

Do you know any particulars of this lady?

Miss *K.* Her maiden name was Frances d'Aubigné. Her father, when he was very young, was thrown into prison at Niort, on what account is not known, it is supposed for being a Protestant. The keeper of the prison had a daughter who fell in love with the youth; she procured the keys, unlocked the gates, and fled with her lover, who soon afterwards married her. Returning to settle some affairs in France, he was again seized and confined in the same prison; and there this celebrated female was born the 27th of November, 1635. Her parents, on recovering their liberty, went to America, and both died when Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was very young. She returned to France to live with her aunt, whose name was Villette. When she was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, she chanced to lodge in the same house with Paul Scarron, an eminent comic writer. As she was a very interesting girl, Scarron took great pleasure in her conversation, and felt much compassion for her. He was somewhat deformed in his person; and one day when he was alone with her, he is said to have addressed her in the following manner:—

"Mademoiselle, I am not a little moved with your misfortunes, and the great sufferings you have undergone; I am likewise very sensible of the uneasy circumstances under which you labour at present, and I have for some days been contriving with myself how to extricate you from all your difficulties. At

last I have fallen upon two ways of doing what I so much desire: I leave you to determine according to your inclinations in the choice of the one or the other, or of neither of them, should you refuse them both. My fortune is too narrow to enable me to make your's answerable to your merit; all that I am capable of doing is, either to make you a joint partaker with myself of the little I have, or to place you at my own expence in any convent you shall choose: I wish it were in my power to do more for you. Consult your own inclinations, and do what you think will be most agreeable to yourself. As for my person, I do not pretend to recommend it to you; I know I make but an unseemly figure, but I am not able to new-mould it. I offer myself to you such as I am; but yet, such as you see me, I do assure you, that I would not bestow myself upon another, and that I must have a very great esteem for you ever to propose a marriage, which of all things in the world I have hitherto had least in my thoughts. Consider, therefore, and make up your mind either to turn nun, to marry me, or to continue in your present condition without repining, since all these depend entirely upon your own choice."

Mademoiselle d'Aubigné returned Mons. Scarron the thanks he so well deserved. She was too sensible of the disagreeableness of a dependant state, not to be glad to accept of a settlement that would place her at least above want. Finding, therefore, in herself no call towards a nunnery, she answered, without hesitation, that she had too deep a sense of her obligations to him, not to be desirous of that way of life which would give her the most frequent occasions of shewing her gratitude to him. Scarron, who was prepossessed with the flattering hopes of passing his life with a person to whom he felt himself so strongly attached, was charmed with her answer. They both agreed, that he should ask the consent of her aunt that very evening: it was given without reserve, and this match, so speedily concluded, was the introduction to all the future greatness of Madame de Maintenon. She was married in 1651, at the age of sixteen, and made a good wife to Scarron, with whom she lived nine years happily, and wanted no conveniences during his life; but at his death, in 1660, at the age of fifty, she lost all, and found herself again reduced to the same indigent condition in which she had been before her marriage. The friends of her husband exerted all their influence to prevail upon the court to continue to her the pension which Mons. Scarron had enjoyed. In order to this, petitions were frequently presented to the king, which always began with—"The widow Scarron most humbly prays your majesty," &c.—All these petitions, however, were of no avail, and the king was at last so weary of them, that he was heard to say peevishly—"Must I always be pestered with the widow Scarron?" Her friends, nevertheless, resolved not to relax in their endeavours to serve her.

Some time after this she was advised to seek all occasions of insinuating herself into the favour of Madame de Montespan, who was the king's mistress, and had an ab-

solute influence over him. Madame Scarron accordingly obtained an introduction to that lady, and spoke to her with so good a grace that Madame de Montespan, pitying her circumstances and resolving to make them more easy, undertook to carry a petition from her to the king, and to deliver it with her own hand. The king, upon her presenting it to him, exclaimed, "What! the widow Scarron again! Shall I never see any thing else?" "Indeed, sir," replied Madame de Montespan, "it is now a long time since you ought not to have her name mentioned to you any more, and it is rather extraordinary that your majesty has done nothing all this time for a poor woman, who deserves a much better condition, as well on account of her own merit, as for the sake of her late husband's reputation." The king, who was always glad of an opportunity to please Madame de Montespan, granted the petitioner all that was desired. Madame Scarron waited upon her patroness to thank her, and Mad. de Montespan conceived such a partiality for her, that she insisted on presenting her to the king, and afterwards proposed to him to give her the appointment of governess to their children. His majesty consented; and Madame Scarron, by her address and good conduct, won the affections and esteem of Mad. de Montespan to such a degree, that in a short time she became her favourite and confidante.

Madame Scarron was elegantly shaped, had a noble air, fine eyes, and a delicate mouth, with fresh, ruddy lips. She possessed, moreover, the art of expressing every thing with her eyes, and of adjusting her looks to her thoughts in such a manner, that all she said went directly to the heart. The king was astonished at the first interview; he soon became strongly prepossessed in her favour, and after conversing with her a few times, began visibly to cool in his attachment to Mad. de Montespan, whom she at last completely supplanted.

It was not long before Louis purchased for his new favourite the estate from which she assumed the name of Maintenon. Never was there an instance of a favourite having so great a power over a monarch as she for many years maintained. It was indeed his wish to make her his queen, but some powerful reasons, urged by the great men whom he consulted, and which are to be found in her Memoirs, prevented its gratification. This celebrated lady held the monarch captive till his death, which happened Sept. 1, 1715, after he had reigned 72 years and lived 77. She survived him near four years, and died at the convent of St. Cyr, April 15, 1719, aged 84.

Miss *Eve.* I think the abbey of St. Cyr stands in the park of Versailles?

Miss *K.* Yes; it is a fine building, and before the Revolution had large revenues. It was designed for the education and support of young ladies whose fortunes were inadequate to their birth: none was considered qualified for this place but such as could produce sufficient proofs of the nobility of their family on the father's side for 140 years; besides which, it was necessary to have a certificate of their poverty under the hand of

their bishop. The age at which females were admissible into this institution was between seven and twelve. It was also required, that they should have no defect or blemish of body or mind; for which reason persons were appointed to visit and examine them before their reception into the convent. When these young ladies were once admitted, their parents and friends were relieved from all farther trouble and expence on their account. They were provided with all the necessaries of life, maintenance, and education. When they attained such an age as to be able to chuse a state of life for themselves, they might either be placed as nuns at some convent at the king's expence, or be married to some gentleman, who received from this establishment a portion of 500 pistoles. Most of these marriages proved successful, and several gentlemen by these means made great fortunes, and were advanced to very high employments.

The description that is given of Madame de Maintenon's person, reminds me of Mrs. Jefferson.

Miss *Eve.* Who was she?

Miss *K.* A lady of the theatrical profession, mentioned by Davis in his *Life of Garrick*, who, though of no great abilities as an actress, merits attention. That writer observes, "There is something in Mallet's *Masque of Britannia* that deserves remembrance. Britannia was represented by Mrs. Jefferson, the most complete figure in beauty of countenance and symmetry of form I ever beheld. This good woman—for she was as virtuous as fair—was so unaffected and simple in her behaviour, that she knew not her power of charming. Her beautiful figure and majestic step in the character of Anna Bullen, drew the admiration of all who saw her. She was very tall, and had she been happy in abilities to act characters of consequence, she would have been an excellent partner in tragedy for Mr. Barry. In the vicissitudes of itinerant acting, she had often been reduced, from the small number of players in the company to which she belonged, to disguise her lovely form, and to assume parts very unsuitable to so delicate a creature. When she was asked what characters she excelled in most, she innocently replied,—"Old men in comedy;" meaning such parts as Fondlewife in the *Old Bachelor*, and Sir Jealous Traffic in the *Busybody*. She died suddenly at Plymouth, as she was looking at a dance that was practising for the night's representation. In the midst of a hearty laugh, she was seized with a sudden pain, and expired in the arms of Mr. Moody, who happened to stand by and saved her from falling to the ground.

Miss *Eve.* I have heard that Mr. Moody was an excellent actor. Have you a list of gentlemen who have met with success in this profession?

Miss *K.* Here is an alphabetical list of many of them—above 150 names of actors, many of whom were the darlings of their days, or rather, of their nights—but Garrick, Betterton, Booth, Wilks, Henderson, and G. Powell are supposed to have been the most excellent. I never heard that Shakspeare, Jonson, Otway, Lee, Farquhar, or Savage, possessed much

excellence in this way; though some have said, that if an actor can feel what he speaks, he will be excellent; and those who wrote the best were surely capable of feeling.

Miss *Eve.* I have seen Booth's monument in Westminster Abbey, near Garrick's.

Miss *K.* Garrick and Betterton were buried in the abbey, as was also Henderson; but Booth was interred at Cowley, near Uxbridge; Wilks, in the north aisle of St. Paul's, Covent-Garden; and Powell, who was much given to drinking, in the vault of the church of St. Clement Danes. Victor, who wrote above 40 years ago, thus describes Booth:—

"Barton Booth was of middle stature, five feet eight; his form inclined to the athletic, though nothing clumsy or heavy; his air and deportment naturally graceful: he had a marking eye and a manly sweetness in his countenance. His voice was completely harmonious, from the softness of the flute to the extent of the trumpet; his attitudes were all picturesque; he was noble in his designs and happy in his execution. It was this actor's peculiar felicity to be heard and seen the same, whether as the pleased, the grieved, the pitying, the reproachful, or the angry. One would almost be tempted to borrow the aid of a very bold figure, and, to express this excellence the more significantly, beg permission to affirm, that the blind might have seen him in his voice, and the deaf have heard him in his visage. As to his abilities he was an excellent scholar, and had a fine taste for poetry, painting, and statuary. Of these he has left us eminent proofs."

Miss *Eve.* Where was Joe Miller buried?

Miss *K.* At St. Clement Danes, with this inscription and epitaph, by the Rev. Stephen Duck:—

"Here lie the remains of honest Joe Miller, who was a tender husband, a sincere friend, a facetious companion, and an excellent comedian. He departed this life the 15th day of August, 1738, aged 54 years.

"If humour, wit, and honesty could save
The hum'rous, witty, honest from the grave,
The grave had not so soon this tenant found,
Whom honesty, and wit, and humour crown'd:
Or could esteem and love preserve our breath,
And guard us longer from the stroke of death,
The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and lov'd so well."

Miss *Eve.* Can you repeat the inscription on Booth's monument in Westminster Abbey?

Miss *K.* It is as follows:—"In memory of Barton Booth, Esq. descended from an ancient family of that name in the county of Lancaster. In his early youth he was admitted into the collegiate school of Westminster, under the celebrated Dr. Busby, where he soon discovered and improved a genius, which, favoured by the Muse he loved, so happily combined the expressive powers of action with a peculiar grace of elocution, as not only to procure him the royal patronage, but the grateful applause of a judicious public. He died in 1733, in the 54th year of his age, justly regretted by all who knew how to estimate abilities in an actor, politeness in a gentleman, and fidelity in a friend."

Miss *Eve.* Miller and Booth died about the same age. Busby was an excellent schoolmaster, and taught many great men, but is said to

have been rather severe. I have somewhere read, that when the judges once went to Westminster with the chancellor at their head, he viewed them as they passed, and, turning to a friend who stood near them, said he had flogged them all. What are Busby's dates?

Miss *K.* Richard Busby, the celebrated master of Westminster school, was born at Luton, Lincolnshire, 1606; died 1695, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where he has a monument, with his effigy.

Miss *Eve.* Where was the Rev. Stephen Duck, the writer of Joe Miller's epitaph, born?

Miss *K.* He was son to a cottager, and born, in 1705, near Clarendon park, Wiltshire, the seat of Peter Bathurst, Esq. Like Ramsay and Burns, he was self-taught. For some time after he was married, he threshed in a barn at four shillings a week. His poetry happened to be seen by Miss Clayton, one of the maids of honour to Caroline, queen to George II. about 1730. She shewed it to the queen, who patronized and advanced him: at last he became lunatic, and, throwing himself from a bridge near Reading, was drowned in May or June, 1756, aged 51.

Miss *Eve.* What men of genius that you recollect were born in Wiltshire?

Miss *K.* Hyde and Addison.

Miss *Eve.* Will you tell me their dates?

Miss *K.* Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, father-in-law to King James II. and grandfather to Queen Mary and Anne, was born at Dinton, in 1608. He died at Rouen, in France, 1674; though another account says in 1673, and that he was buried at St. Giles's in the Fields.

Joseph Addison, son of the Rev. Lancelot A. rector of Milston, near Ambresbury, was born at Milston, 1672. He was educated first by his father, then by Mr. Naish of Ambresbury, and afterwards by Mr. Taylor of Salisbury. He became one of the principal secretaries of state; in 1716 he married the Countess dowager of Warwick; died at Holland-house, near Kensington, 1719, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He left behind an only daughter, by the Countess of Warwick, who, in 1797, died and was buried at Bilton, near Rugby, in Warwickshire, and left her estate to the third son of Lord Bradford.

Addison's dramatic works are, *Rosamond*, an opera, 1702, set to music by Mr. Clayton, in 1706, in the Italian manner, and since by Dr. Arne; *Cato*, a tragedy, 1712; *The Drummer*, or *The Haunted House*, 1715. Voltaire admires and censures Addison's *Cato* extravagantly. The higher characters he allows to be superior to any thing ever brought upon the stage, but says, that all the love scenes are absolutely insipid. I think the poetry, as well as the sentiments, in *Cato*, cannot be praised too much.

Miss *Eve.* In my opinion, Addison's rhyme is not so flowing, nervous, and manly as that of some of his contemporaries; but his prose has an original excellence, a smoothness and dignity peculiar to itself. He certainly contributed much to the purity of English prose. What does Dr. Johnson say of Addison?

Miss *K.* He says that Addison's

powers were such as might have satisfied him with conscious excellence; that, of very extensive learning, he has given us no proofs. He seems to have had a small acquaintance with the sciences, and to have read little except Latin and French: but his dialogues of medals shew that he had perused the works of the Latin poets with great diligence and skill. The abundance of his own mind left him little need of adventitious sentiments; his wit could always suggest what the occasion demanded; he had read with critical eyes the volume of human life, and knew the heart of man from the depths of stratagem to the surface of affectation.

Addison's *Cato* was performed eighteen times during its first run: it first appeared, when printed, with eight complimentary verses, among which was one by Sir Richard Steele; also a prologue by Pope, and an epilogue by Garth.

Miss *Eve.* I think the scene lies throughout the whole piece in the governor's palace at Utica?

Miss *K.* Yes: it has been observed, that the beauties of poetry and the spirit of liberty which shine in the piece, scarcely more than compensate for its want of pathos and the deficiency of dramatic business. The plot of his opera of *Rosamond* exceeds, in the beauty of the diction, any English performance of the kind. It was originally but indifferently set to music, on which account it met with less success than it deserved. The scene is in Woodstock park.

Miss *Eve.* It is said, that when the *Drummer*, or *Haunted House*, was first performed, it was much condemned, its author being unknown: but when Sir Richard Steele, in the preface, informed the public, that it was written by Addison, it was immediately revived and universally applauded. Such is sometimes the effect of partiality and prejudice.

I think two of the actors whose names are in your list, were poet-laureats—Ben Jonson and Colley Cibber?

Miss *K.* Yes. Sir John Suckling has written a poem, in which he supposes Apollo about to bestow the laureatship on the most deserving. These lines shew the names of many of the writers at that time, about 170 years ago.

Miss *Eve.* Will you repeat them?

Miss *K.*

A sessions was held the other day,
And Apollo himself was at it they say;
The laurel that had been so long reserv'd,
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

Therefore, the wits of the town came thither;
'Twas strange to see how they flock'd together;
Each strongly confident of his own way,
Thought to gain the laurel away that day.

There Selden and he sat hard by the chair,
Weniman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with Townsend, for they kept no order,
Digby and Shillingsworth a little further.

There was Lucan's translator too, and he
That makes God speak so big in's poetry,
Selwin, and Walter, and Bartlett's both brothers,
Jack Vaughan, and Porter, and divers others.

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Prepar'd before with Canary wine;
And he told them plainly he deserv'd the bays,
For his were called works, where others were but plays:

Bid them remember, how he had clear'd the stage
Of errors that had lasted many an age;
And he hop'd they did not think the Silent Woman,
The Fox, and the Alchymist outdone by no man.

Apollo stopp'd him there, and bid him not
go on;
'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption,
Must carry't; at which Ben turn'd about,
And in great choler offer'd to go out.

Those that were there, thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a wit;
And therefore Apollo called him back agen,
And made him mine host of his own new inn.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That would not well stand with a Laureat;
His Muse was hard bound, and th' issue of his
brain
Was seldom brought forth but with labour and
pain.

All that were present there did agree,
A Laureat Muse should be easy and free;
Yet sure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that
his grace
Consider'd he was well, he had a cup-bearer's
place.

Will Davenant, asham'd of a foolish mis-
chance
That he had got lately travelling in France,
Modestly hop'd the handsomeness of's Muse
Might any deformity 'bout him excuse.

Surely the company would have been content,
If they could have found any precedent;
But in all their records, either in verse or prose,
There was not one Laureat without a nose.

To Will Bartlett sure all the wits meant well,
But first they would see how his snow would
sell;
Will smil'd, and swore, in their judgments they
went less,
That concluded of merit upon success.

Suddenly taking his place again,
He gave way to Selden, who straight stepp'd in;
But, alas! he had been so lately a wit,
That Apollo hardly knew him yet.

Toby Matthews (p—x on him!) how came he
there,
Was whispering nothing in somebody's ear;
When he had the honour to be nam'd in court,
But, sir, you may thank my Lady Carliel for't:

For had not her care furnish'd you out
With something of handsome, without all
doubt,
You and your sorry Lady Muse had been
In the number of those that were not let in.

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear;
But straight one whisper'd Apollo i' th' ear,
That of all men living, he car'd not for't,
He lov'd not the Muses so well as his sport;
And priz'd black eyes and a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit:
But Apollo was angry, and publicly said,
'Twere fit that a fine were set upon his head.

Wat Montague now stood forth to his trial,
And did not so much as suspect a denial;
But witty Apollo ask'd him first of all,
If he understood his own pastoral:

For if he could do it, 'twould plainly appear,
He understood more than any man there,
And did merit the bays above all the rest;
But the Monsieur was modest, and silence
confest.

During these troubles, in the court was hid
One that Apollo soon miss'd, little Cid;
And having spied him, call'd him out of the
throng,
And advis'd him i' th' ear, not to write so strong.

Murray was summon'd, but 'twas urg'd that he
Was chief already of another company.

. . . .

. . . .

Hales, set by himself, most gravely did smile,
To see them about nothing keep up such a coil:
Apollo had spied him, but knowing his mind,
Pass'd, and call'd Faulkland, that sat just
behind.

He was of late so gone with divinity,
That he had almost forgot his poetry;
Though, to say the truth, and Apollo did
know it,
He might have been both his priest and his
poet.

At length, who but an Alderman did appear,
At which Will Davenant began to swear;
But wiser Apollo bid him draw nigher,
And when he was mounted a little higher,

Openly declared, that the best sign
Of good store of wit's to have good store of
coin:
And without a syllable more or less said,
He put the laurel on the Alderman's head.

At this all the wits were in such amaze,
That for a good while they did nothing but
gaze
One upon another, not a man in the place
But had discontent writ in great in his face.

Only the small poets clear'd up again,
Out of hopes, as 'twas thought, of borrowing;
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his
crown
When he lends any poets about the town.

JUNINUS.

A TOUR THROUGH DERBYSHIRE AND PART OF STAFFORDSHIRE.

(Continued from p. 207.)

ASHBURN, Sept. 13, 1788.

Dear Friend,

You will naturally suppose, that I left Matlock with reluctance. With a few select friends and some occasional employment, I think that a few weeks in the season might be spent there very agreeably, and with much benefit to a crazy constitution. It does not seem as if Matlock, or any other watering-place, was resorted to as much as as formerly for medical purposes. One sees some, to be sure, whose complexions betray either real or imaginary ailments, and who bathe and drink the waters; but the major part are such who resort together for fashion's sake. Was it not for the variety which those places of public amusements present, how many people of quality are there, who would be at a loss to pass away their time, which would be found insupportably burthensome, if confined to their solitary country seats, but who find a continued dissipation in the variety which change of situation and company affords!

Nothing material occurred, nor did any striking prospects present themselves, worth describing, between Matlock and Derby. Just after you leave Crumford, a few minutes' attention to the country on the right hand will not be regretted: it opens very extensively, and discovers the village of Wirksworth to advantage at about a mile distance. The road then leads over Bilber Common, a barren spot of some miles extent, from which there is a sudden descent into a pleasant valley. I arrived at Derby about eleven o'clock, and upon entering the town, met my companions in the street, in company with a Mr. Brown, a considerable dealer in Derbyshire productions. They had been to inspect the silk-mills before my arrival. We all went together to see the china manufactory, which is now carried on very extensively, and brought to great perfection. The proprietor having been under some particular obligation to Mr. Brown, is always extremely civil to any person whom he introduces. We were shewn all the different operations which the china undergoes, and were surprised to see the number of hands through which some pieces of work pass before they are completed, particularly the figured and ornamental. The fine rose and purple colours used in the painting are preparations from gold, and when laid on the china, before they are fluxed with the enamel in the furnace, appear of a dull brown or brick colour. There was a very rich assortment for inspection in the sale-room, both for use and ornament; among the rest, three elegantly finished vases, richly decorated, and painted with fine views from nature in Derbyshire. They were rated at 35 guineas. The painting in general was well executed, though Mr. Heithausen would not admit it into competition with the Dresden manufacture. From thence we went to the iron-mills, where the machinery for rolling the bars of iron into large flat plates is very

curious; also an enormously large pair of shears, worked by water, that will instantly cut a bar an inch in thickness across. The copper-mills are contrived upon a similar plan. They have a ponderous sledge for hammering out the sheets of copper into pan-bottoms, &c. which, striking when lifted up against a large beam that acts like a spring, is forced down with increased violence. After noticing every thing curious there, we walked about the town, which is neat and populous. Besides other principal buildings, it has five churches. That of All-Saints is distinguished from the rest by a fine Gothic tower, which is much admired. The body of the church is of later date, and built in the modern style. The Devonshire family have their burying-place in one corner, where a great number of the ancestors of that ancient house are deposited. We were shewn, among other antiquities, a large tomb-stone, that was found under the old floor when the body of the church was rebuilt. The date discovered it to be very ancient, and, if some antiquary had been with us, he would, no doubt, have put on his spectacles with great ecstasy, and endeavoured to decypher its contents. For my part, researches of this kind never struck my fancy, or yielded me much pleasure. Mr. Brown then invited us all to dinner at his house, where we were very well entertained. We thought ourselves under some kind of obligation to make a few trifling purchases in his line. Some bread, cheese, and eggs, made of Derbyshire materials, and tolerably imitated, tickled my fancy very much, and I bought them, intending occasionally to practise an innocent imposition, by inviting an hungry guest to cut and eat a slice. About four o'clock, after parting with our two agreeable fellow travellers, we set off for Ashburn. Young Mr. Brown having some business to transact in those parts, accompanied us thither. We rode through a flat fertile country and several villages, as Mackworth, Longly, and Brailsford; the latter is above a mile in length, occasioned by the gardens that separate the houses, which looked remarkably neat, clean, and rural. It is impossible to view a neat country village, with all its variety of rural objects, without the greatest delight and satisfaction.

> How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm!
> The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm;
> The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
> The decent church, that tops the neighb'ring hill.

I could not help contrasting the appearances of the villages in these parts with many in Yorkshire; as for instance, Pudsey, Bramley, and many others, which are unavoidably black and dirty, from the nature of the manufacture carried on, but are still rendered worse by the naturally filthy disposition of the inhabitants, whose noses have been so long accustomed to the effluvia of urine and swine's dung (two essential ingredients in the coloured cloth business), that, if they do not actually esteem them fragrant, they however find nothing at all disgusting in the smell. It was half-past seven and dark before we reached Ashburn, where we proposed lodging that night; put up at the George, and found ourselves not disappointed of the good usage we had been assured

of meeting with. Mr. Heithausen, either being, or imagining himself to be, a little indisposed, ordered a mess of water-gruel for his supper; but we chose something more substantial, which we considered as necessary after a fatiguing and busy day. We rallied him a good deal on account of his choice, which we supposed he would repent of when our's was brought in; and so it proved: for the sight and smell of roast fowls and mutton-chops, induced him to lay aside his flimsy beverage, forget that his stomach was out of order, and make as hearty a meal as any of us. The people of the house carried their officiousness to serve and please us to a troublesome extreme; we wished to be left alone, but they would insist upon waiting at table, snuffing the candles, and making continual enquiries if this or that was done to our satisfaction. The hour of rest then drew on, and we found excellent beds. A few minutes' conversation after we had stretched out our weary bones, soon ended with wishing each other good night; and this reminds me of its being high time to wish you the same, or rather, I should say, farewell, for the present. Your's, &c.

* * * *

BUXTON, Sept. 14, 1788

Dear Friend,

Though I am well convinced of the advantages of early rising, particularly on a journey, when much is to be undertaken the following day, yet I generally find a total want of resolution in the morning. Prudence and necessity for a few minutes maintain a contest with indolence, but the latter generally proves too powerful and comes off victorious, if I have not a companion, who, either by persuasion or by force, can get me out of bed. My friend Heithausen generally effected this; and though he did not exactly take me by the heels, and pull me down upon the ground, yet he gave me no rest till I was up. I was sometimes secretly vexed with what I at such lazy periods thought a hurrying disposition, but, disguising it as well as I could, seemed to comply without reluctance; and before the day was past, I commonly saw the advantages we reaped from dispatch in the morning. As it was dark when we entered Ashburn, and we left it early the next day, I had no opportunity of viewing the town, therefore must omit giving you a description of it. We made a very hearty breakfast in the good Irish fashion, which is, besides tea, coffee, &c. to have some boiled eggs. It is very customary for people at the inns in England, to stare like conjurers when such a thing is called for in the morning; but that does not make it less serviceable. I would advise all persons on the road, except such as have very squeamish stomachs, to try the experiment, and will be answerable for the good effects. Upon consulting together about our day's route, we found it necessary to relinquish our intended visit to Oakover, the seat of —— somebody or other, Esq.; no matter for his name, he has a very capital collection of paintings, one in particular of the Holy Family, for which the owner is said to have refused £3000. As this place is situated in a direction quite contrary to Dove-dale, to

which we were going, we should have sustained too great a loss of time, and have entirely disconcerted our plan, had we gone thither. Accordingly we set off, and having rode about a mile, parted with Mr. Brown. Mr. Heithausen and I were once more left alone, and directed our course towards Thorp, an inconsiderable village near the entrance of Dove-dale. The poor inhabitants find a principal part of their support by being employed as guides through the dale, or to care for the horses, which, as there is no possibility of riding through, must be taken round to a farm-house at the other extremity, where they are held in waiting till the owners arrive. We gave our's into the custody of a girl, and took an elderly woman with us as guide. On the left hand, just before you enter the dale, is Thorp-Cloud, a very large hill, in the form of a cone, which figure is peculiar to many of the hills in these parts. Dove-dale is an exception to an observation I have generally made, at least with respect to myself, that upon hearing or reading descriptions of places, fancy has represented them with such exaggerations, that, on seeing them afterwards, I have frequently been disappointed: but here I experienced the contrary, and found the scenery exceed any ideas or expectations I had formed concerning it. It differs from Middleton and Matlock Dales in this, that the rocks stand mostly detached from the sides of the hills, in many places formed like spires of church-steeples, and in others, into all manner of grotesque and fanciful shapes. Soon after entering the dale, you are shewn a place where, 20 years ago, a young gentleman and lady tumbled down. It is a very high, steep hill, covered with rocks: they wanted to distinguish themselves by riding where few ever ventured, but paid very dear for their temerity; for, going too near the precipice, the horses and riders both rolled down a considerable way over the rocks: they were stopped by some bushes, and the former was taken up terribly bruised and shattered; he was conveyed to Ashburn, where he expired the following night. The young lady recovered, though she was also much bruised. It is impossible to view the place where those accidents happened, without sensations of horror, even from below; but certainly it must be doubly tremendous to look down, especially to those acquainted with the melancholy catastrophe. We had no reason to doubt the authenticity of the story, as its fabrication would answer little purpose; besides that, our guide informed us of the name and circumstances of the family to whom it happened. Having imagined, on giving our horses to be taken round, that there was no absolute necessity for it, but that we might have rode, or at least led them, through the dale, supposing that the road could hardly be worse than what we had traversed in going from Glossop to Castletown, we were now convinced of the total impracticability of any such thing; for we were frequently obliged to leave the river-side, where the passage was interrupted by large rocks that hung over the water, and to climb the steep hill to get round. We found the walls of a building

standing, which was formerly a stable belonging to Sir Wm. Fitzherbert, to whom the Derbyshire side of the dale belongs. He used frequently with a select party to penetrate so far with horses, but they were obliged, with much difficulty and hazard, to ride up the bed of the river. They brought refreshments of all kinds with them, and dined amongst the rocks. This is customary with companies who choose to spend the whole day there. We regretted much that this was not in our power, as there were many inducements to loiter in the dale, if time would have allowed it.

The river Dove, from which the valley takes its name, divides Derbyshire and Staffordshire; on the Staffordshire side the hills are principally covered with wood. You are shewn a very large rock, called Dove-dale Church, from its bearing a rude resemblance to such an edifice, which has been dilapidated by time; it is mostly covered with ivy, and on one side there is a hollow in the rock from bottom to top, that may pass for the steeple.

At a great height we discovered a cave, with an arched entrance, which, on enquiry, we found to be Buttercake-Hall; but it was too high for us to visit, had there even been the prospect of a repast upon the article from which it derives its name. The entrance appeared so regularly arched, that I asked our guide whether art had not lent some assistance in its formation; but we were assured, that it was just as it pleased God to make it. We found the echo to be very astonishing, and on trying with a loud crack of the whip, were much entertained with a long successive rattle, which, as it encountered the different positions of the hills, increased and diminished in force with wonderful variations. We climbed up a very steep ascent to an opening in a very large rock, called Reynard's Cave. You enter by a large arch into a place which you may easily fancy the inside of an old castle, especially when you look through the entrance down upon the river and objects below. Within the large one are several small caves, that run under the rocks in very singular forms, but to no great breadth. This was the most curious group of rocks amongst the whole, and it is, indeed, wonderful to see how nature sports in all manner of antique shapes. As we advanced, we came to a narrow pass between two high rocks, which just leave an opening for the current of the river: it is called Cheshire Leap. The rocks are much increased in grandeur of appearance, by being covered with ivy. In many places at the bottom of the dale, there are several flats of rich meadow, where some herds of cattle were fattening. Any person, upon looking round, would wonder how ever they got thither, as there seems no possible access, except for man. There were many sheep, but these keep on the declivities amongst the rocks, and feed upon the edge of the precipices as unconcernedly as if they were on a level pasture. Accidents sometimes happen, and they tumble down, which it is a wonder does not occur more frequently. Two old venerable goats, belonging to Sir William Fitzherbert, have their residence here, and live like hermits, roaming at large up and down the dale. We did not

see the long-bearded gentlemen, but it seems they are very sociable with strangers; for when our friend Harris was there, some days before us, they followed him the whole way, and seemed very desirous of cultivating an acquaintance with him. The many caverns with which Dove-dale abounds afford them very convenient retreats at night. I could not refrain from representing to myself the situation of a traveller, who, passing along in the dusk of the evening, should see one of these animals standing at the entrance of his cave, and seemingly defying the approach of any intruder. For my part, though I am not the most credulous person in the world respecting hobgoblins, apparitions, &c. yet, were I passing along at night, and without any previous expectation of seeing the goats, should discover one or both of them at the mouth of a gloomy cavern, I doubt not, that I should be much frightened.

We passed by a number of rocks, called Sugar-Loaves, from their resemblance to them in shape. They stand on the mountain side in great numbers, and are from ten to thirty feet in height, making a very curious appearance. Further on to the right, you are shewn a range of caverns, close by each other, called Doves'-Holes; there are three distinguished in size from the rest, and shaped like Gothic doors at the entrances; they are only about four yards deep in the rock, and have several smaller caves at their extremities. Having heard it asserted, that the prominent parts of the rocks on one side of the dale, correspond with the cavities on the other, and exhibit evident marks of their having been once joined together, I paid particular attention, but could not discover appearances in any part sufficiently striking to support the favourite hypothesis with many, that these rugged dales and mountains are not coeval with the creation, but have been formed since by some extraordinary revolution or convulsion in nature. We then reached the end of the dale, which is closed with two vast perpendicular rocks, that stand on each side of the dale.

There is a great variety of very rich herbage in Dove-dale, which being effectually sheltered by its rocks and banks, produces many plants that do not grow spontaneously any where else. The river also abounds with many luxuriant productions, which, with their flowers, greatly ornament the stream between its frequent, gentle falls. We were informed that various kinds of aromatics, such as thyme, marjoram, mint, &c. grow there; but as time would not allow us to make a search, I will not vouch for the truth of it, though, from the uncommon warmth of the place, it is not at all improbable. Thomson recommends a retreat to those who want to read or study undisturbed: if any such should live in the vicinity of Dove-dale, I would by all means advise them to resort thither; and,

——————— when the sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
Then seek the bank where flow'ring elders crowd;
Where, scatter'd wild, the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes; where cowslips hang
The dewy head; where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade:
There let the classic page thy fancy lead

Through rural scenes, such as the Mantuan
swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song;
So catch thyself the landscape gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye.

Indeed, the beauties of Dove-dale quite eclipsed all that we had seen before, even those of Middleton and Matlock. We conjectured our course through Dove-dale to be two miles and a half. We found our horses waiting for us at the other end, and having satisfied our guide, we rode on to Mill-dale. The hills now wore a very different aspect from those we had left behind us, being entirely without any rocks or wood, and clothed with rich green verdure, which gave them a very beautiful appearance. About eleven o'clock we reached Alstonfield, a curious ancient village. Our guide had recommended us to the King's Head; but on riding up to it, the house and people did not appear at all inviting; and, on enquiry, finding that we could not have any corn for our horses, we had a good pretext for turning about, and going to another inn; in which, though both house and furniture were very homely, yet a good-natured landlady made amends for all. Upon calling for some brandy, we had some brought in a large black pitcher. We dined upon beans and bacon, which proved a substantial repast previous to our descent into Acton mine. Mr. Harris, who had given us our route from Ashburn thither, upon paper, had been very particular in recommending us to lay in here a good store of belly-timber (as he termed it), and to furnish ourselves with a bottle of brandy; a precaution which we afterwards found serviceable.

We met here with a very singular character, which appeared something extraordinary in so remote a situation. When we entered the house, a man sat opposite us by the fire-side, asleep on an old couch. His whole appearance, countenance, and dress marked his character very distinctly; and I found, upon farther acquaintance, that my conjectures were not too hastily formed: his face was flushed with a glow, but not the glow of health; excessive drinking had tinged it; and the shades of red, which began at his ears, gradually increased, and centering at his nose, formed a deep dyed purple: his locks were grey, which were ornaments but ill suited to such a countenance: his clothes were shabby and ill matched; they seemed to have been collected at different periods, for their fashions did not correspond; the waistcoat had just a sufficiency of colour left to discover that it had originally been green; his breeches were well secured from the effects of wind and weather by a thick coat of grease, and to give the more scope for action, had a rent three inches wide in the right knee; his hat one might well suppose to have hung for several seasons on the top of a pole in a corn-field, to frighten away the crows, and it looked as if some of those ravagers had revenged themselves for the terror it had occasioned them, by tearing it at the edges with their bills. In short, his whole figure, from head to foot, denoted indolence, filth, and drunkenness. We had not sat long before he opened his eyes and stretched his arms:—" Good mor-

row, sir," says I.—"Good morrow to your holiness," he replied, with a degree of humour that immediately convinced me I had a curious fellow to deal with. Without any farther ceremony, his reply was followed by several quotations from Butler's *Hudibras*, upon which he made many shrewd remarks, that discovered very good sense and natural parts, with an extraordinarily retentive memory. We found by his conversation, and had it also confirmed by others in the house, that he had been well educated, read a good deal, and was well versed in most English authors, particularly our celebrated poets, out of which he repeated a great number of poems and passages, some of considerable length. He informed us, that his grandfather was a man of learning, could calculate an eclipse, and understood the art of dialling; as also clock-making, at which business our drunken hero worked up and down the country, when he did any thing. He repeated a curious Irish petition, which pleased me so much, that I wrote it down. I hope that my dear countrymen will pardon me, for being so much pleased with an ingenious bull, though I am an Irishman by birth; and as there is something very characteristic in the following, I cannot refrain from inserting it:—

The humble Petition of BLARNEY O'BLEARY *and* PATRICK O'CONNOR, *to be appointed immediately, directly, and indirectly, Inspectors, and Surveyors, and Overlookers, vulgarly called Excisemen, for the County of Cork, in the Kingdom of Ireland.*

And whereas we, the aforesaid petitioners, both by day and by night, and all night and all day, will come and go, and walk and ride, and take and bring, and send, and fetch, and carry; and say all, and more than all, of every thing, and nothing at all at all. And we, the aforesaid petitioners, at all times and at no time at all at all, will be present and absent, and backwards and forwards, and here and there, and every where, and no where at all at all. And we, the aforesaid petitioners, will come and inform, and give notice duly and truly, and honestly and wisely, according to the matters that we know and don't know, by the knowledge of ourselves and every one of us, and no one of us at all at all; and will not cheat nor rob the king any more than what is lawfully practised. And we, the aforesaid petitioners, are gentlemen of reputation, and are Protestants. We love the king, and value him, and will fight for him, and run for him, and from him, and after him, and behind him, and before him, and on one side of him, and on the other side of him, to serve him or any of his acquaintances or relations, as far, and much farther than lies in our power, dead or alive, as long as we live, and longer too. Witness our several and separate hands in conjunction one after another, two of us both together,

BLARNEY O'BLEARY,
PATRICK O'CONNOR.

TWO PRINCES AND TWO PILLARS.

(With an Engraving, representing the Plan of the colossal Columns of French Ordnance to be erected in Russia.)

BONAPARTE'S audacious invasion of the empire of the Czars, its disgraceful and destructive failure, and the fatal shock to his sway immediately resulting from it, are events of such momentous historical celebrity, that tradition alone will unquestionably hand down their remembrance to our latest posterity, without any additional memorial in aid of their perpetuation. Yet, while the fact stands indelibly recorded in blood, its leading features may need positive commemoration; and that, too, has been provided for in more than one manner, not only by the triumphant, but, oddly enough, even by the disgraced party.

THE PRINCES.

The immortal veteran KUTUSOW, after delivering his country from the innumerable host of civilized barbarians that had insulted its soil, and after wielding with terrible hand the fatal scourge of divine vengeance, was, by his grateful monarch, created PRINCE OF SMOLENSKO; because at Smolensko his sword passed deadly muster on the famished wrecks of the hostile legions.

The fugitive General NEY, after accompanying Napoleon to Moskwa, and (somewhat faster than he had come) back again to Smolensko, where he abandoned his corps of walking skeletons to the fury of Russian bayonets, or to bondage, was, by his infatuated monarch, created PRINCE OF MOSKWA; because . . . . . . (one cannot tell so well) . . . . . . no doubt, because, thanks to his horse, he had the good fortune to escape with a frost-bitten nose to the Berezyna.

So much for both sides of our commemoration-account by means of rank. Inasmuch, however, as (granting even to both parties a perpetuity of lineage), the duration of the princely title in one or the other, might, by some desponding genealogists, be deemed a subject of greater doubt, we feel pleasure in having it in our power to work with somewhat more solid materials.

THE PILLARS.

In their promenade to Russia, the French were, according to an official return since published, accompanied by 1195 pieces of brass ordnance: of these, a considerable number was, rather reluctantly, ceded by them to the Russians, *against value received;* and a much greater proportion was dropped, *en passant,* between Moskwa and the Niemen; so that, according to another official return*, 1131 remained in Russian possession on Christmas eve, 1812. The use to be made of this massy relic of the French invasion, is pointed out by an imperial decree of the Emperor Alexander. The captured cannon are to be employed in the construction of a colossal pillar, to be erected, in the first instance, in the city of Moskwa; and next—as there will be more than enough for two—of a similar one which is to adorn

* Vide *Repository,* No. LI. p. 172.

St. Petersburg, the other capital of the Russian empire.

The French have, for ages, been remarkable for dictating in fashion, and leaving other nations to copy their inventive ingenuities. But, among the strange changes which the Russian campaign has worked in them, and is still likely to produce, the adoption of a reverse course, in some fashions at least, is not the least worthy of our curiosity. As soon as that campaign had produced a Russian prince, Napoleon thought he might as well have one of his own make; and he no sooner heard of the Moskwa pillar, than he determined (in a solemn imperial decree too!) to *order* one on his behalf. Whether this proceeded from some profound political motives, or from a persuasion, that, when the laugh is against you, it is best to join in it, we will not presume to decide; nor is it in our power to anticipate whether this decree, bearing date the 3d of May last, from the field of battle of Lützen, is one of those *paper*-decrees of his comprehensive mind, the execution of which remains confined to his vast comprehension alone. We will take his word, that he expects to have a pillar of his own *one of these days*, and as much *à la Russe* as circumstances will permit; for we must allow for difference of materials and of locality. To construct it of brass ordnance would seem rather difficult, except it were with his own; and in that article too, his stores, after the Vittoria sweep, and the Katzbach and Dennewitz averages, may not be supposed quite so flush as to permit of architectural appropriation. Hence it has been wisely determined to let the Gallic Moskwa pillar be of good homely French stone, one of the few articles that have not become scarcer in France since the reign of Napoleon.

As to locality, some of our readers will, perhaps, expect, that, in imitation of the Russian Alexander, Bonaparte has fixed upon the capital of his empire, upon his good city of Paris, as the fittest place for so important a monument.—They are far from the mark!—Napoleon's thoughts soar much higher!—The very tip of Mount Cenis has been selected as the most appropriate spot; in order, as the decree states, that his French as well as his Italian subjects may behold that memorial of the famous Russian campaign. To our limited faculties, we confess, this situation at first appeared rather extraordinary: Mount Cenis, if we recollect rightly, boasts of an elevation of about 12,000 feet; a height at which the said pillar would be pretty nearly as visible as a candlestick on the top of Bow church, leaving atmospherical impediments out of the account. But if we further consider, that the summit of this mountain is almost all the year round enveloped in clouds, the good people of France and of Italy appear to us scarcely to have the chance of a peep at the pillar above the clouds!—But what of that?—He that has fought battles above the clouds, surely may please his fancy in having a monument in such exalted regions, be it even a monument not made to be seen, like razors not made to shave.

Of this invisible pillar, the editor of the *Repository* made no small exertions to procure a plan, for the gratification of his readers. His enquiries, however, have proved

utterly abortive. Nobody on the Continent knows any thing about it, except the decree which orders its erection: no preparations are made, no funds provided; all which seems to give strength to the supposition of its being, thus far at least, a mere paper effusion of Napoleon imagination.

The case stands otherwise with Alexander's column: the preparations for its erection are in great forwardness; the plan of the monument has been given in by the artist charged with the structure, and finally approved of by the Russian government. Through the kindness of Mr. Bennett, of Lloyd's Coffee-house, we are enabled to present our readers with a correct drawing of the column, received from St. Petersburg, and with a brief description of its component parts and principal proportions.

The cannons, as will easily be perceived, are placed vertically beside each other, in eight distinct tiers; those of the heaviest calibre stand lowest, and thus the size of every range diminishes as it rises towards the top, where cannon of the smallest size are employed. A ring of Russian marble forms the separation between each tier. The two circular ranges, one at top and the other at bottom, are composed of mortars and howitzers horizontally placed, so as to present the mouths towards the exterior surface. In imitation of the Roman rostral column, two cannons with brass wheels project from each tier in alternate situations; these we see in the drawing, sideways in one tier, and facing the eye in the next above it. The diameter of the lower circular range of mortars and howitzers, is quoted at 17, the horizontal sides of the granite square forming the plinth, at 28, and the whole height of the column at 84 feet. We are not informed whether the interior of this structure is solid, or whether there be a hollow space throughout, to be filled up with the myriads of skulls and bones which point out the track of the French retreat. At the summit is placed the Russian eagle, grasping in his talons a globe *(this, we hope, is rather ornamental than symbolical!)* and holding in his beak a serpent convoluted into a ring, the emblem of eternity, in the most obvious and common sense; yet, perhaps, at the same time allusive to the conquest of a foe, whose insidious and envenomed friendship had nearly brought ruin upon the Russian nation. At the *bottom* of the pillar are placed the French eagles. This, no doubt, is their fit place, although we cannot help thinking, that their attitude is mightily erect and fierce; they did not look quite so prim at Molodeshno!—*We* would have turned them on their backs, with their heads hid under the wings like geese (never mind the artistical effect!) For this oversight, however, the Russian artist has made ample amends, by representing these imperial birds—not "covered with glory"—but *covered with chains;* an incomparable idea! which combines picturesque effect with historical truth, with moral lesson, and, perhaps, with an anticipation of the future doom of the proprietor of the Napoleon *menagerie.*

We have not learnt in what quarter of the city of Moskwa this column is intended to be erected.

No situation would, in our opinion, be more eligible than the Kremlin, which, during Bonaparte's short stay, was his head-quarters; and which, from its elevation, would exhibit the monument, not only to the citizens of that capital, but to the inhabitants of the surrounding country to a great extent. As it is stated that the French prisoners are now compelled to work at the re-edification of the city, we make no doubt but their co-operation in the erection of this pillar will likewise be "put in requisition."—Cruel as the task may appear, the punishment is no more than what an outraged country is warranted in inflicting on the remains of a presumptuous and lawless horde of invaders.

G. L. E.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Through wild extremes of ignorance they pass,
And by their braying soon expose the ass;
The miry depths of nonsense they explore,
And prove at last, that two and two make four.

After dining the other day with my old friend Will Trope, of Lincoln's Inn, I proposed an excursion to the theatre; but he excused himself, by assuring me, that, being Thursday, he could not possibly absent himself from the Athenian Rooms, and begged I would accompany him thither. I am always agreeable, as the ladies say, so resolved to be of the party, and away we went.

After a dirty walk, we were admitted, through the mediation of a shilling each, into a spacious room, well lighted up, and uncommonly crowded. The group was one of the most whimsical I had ever seen, and the countenances were in general divisible into the *classical*, the *supercilious*, and the *vacant;* and the ranks would have been equally distinguishable, but that the introductory shillings, like death and stage-coaches, had levelled all distinctions, and jostled wits, lawyers, politicians, and mechanics into the confusion of Bartholomew fair.

My friend very obligingly opened to me the *dramatis personæ*, and informed me, who was most approved in *declamation,* and who was the keenest at *reply.* When suddenly every one took his seat, and Mr. Christopher Climax, who always presides there, having taken the chair amidst a murmur of applause, addressed the audience as follows:

Gentlemen,

Before we enter upon the debate of this evening, I shall beg leave to state a few questions, which have been handed up to the chair, and only await your approbation to be set down for argument.

These were proposed in the following order:—

"Is it most salutary to clean your teeth with brick-dust or Cayenne pepper?"

"Does not the custom which precludes a virtuous woman from shewing her legs, originate in false delicacy?"

"Whether is it more polite in a minister to tax porter, or table beer?"

"Whether is it more derogatory to the dignity of man, to be kicked

down stairs or tossed out of the window?"

"Whether is a jack-boot a simple or a complex idea?"

"Does not the heterogeneous concomitancy of a roll and treacle manifestly militate against the eternal fitness of things?"

These questions being all received by a great show of hands, Mr. President proceeded to name the following question for immediate discussion:—

"Does not the throwing at cocks on Shrove-Tuesday threaten a general countenance of the Popish tenets, and tend ultimately to bring in the Pretender?"

Silence followed the proposing of this question for about the space of half an hour, when I at length saw, to my unspeakable satisfaction, my particular acquaintance, Bob Argue, rise and deliver himself to this effect:—

Mr. *President*,

The numerous and *respectable* appearance of this learned society, indigitates in my animal frame a stupor of diffidence. The exuberances of my fancy, and the eccentricities of my lucubratory faculties, are sempiternally devoted to the irradiation of oratory and the elevation of science. The supine languor of the oratorical blossoms in the garden of eloquence, creates astonishment in my mental system. I was inducted hither by my idolatry for learning, and hope I shall reap instruction with the sickle of my expectations. The question before us gentlemen is mixed and speculative. It savours alternately of logic, politics, religion, and antiquity: and syllogistically considered, I shall maintain the negative side; but politically, the affirmative.—Now I define a cock to be a vociferative, aligerent, and matutine biped. In throwing at cocks, there is the *actio* of the blackguard, and the *passio* of the animal. The stick, or *jaculatum*, is the *quomodo;* Shrove-Tuesday is *quando*, or *designatio temporis;* and the Pope and Pretender, the *quibus vel quos*. Having established these premises, what is the result? All exercises of superstition savour of Popery; but throwing at cocks is an exercise of superstition; *ergo*, throwing at cocks savours of Popery. I mention these questions only with a view to the logical part of the question, but am of a different opinion in other respects. I think we may divest ourselves of apprehension on this subject, by observing the ignorance of the vulgar, and that they have no retrospective views to the Holy See in their exercises. Now I look upon throwing at cocks, with regard to the robust tendency of the *jaculation*, to be highly commendable, rather than worthy of parliamentary annihilation. I grant, that knocking gingerbread off a post, and throwing at oranges, or tin boxes, are only generative of idleness and puerile satisfaction: but the cock being the emblem of vigilance, and the knocking him down a matter of skill, all these objections subside; and simply considered, this pastime is as innocent as a game at *all fours*. I could urge many reasons against eating salt-fish as productive of Popish doctrine; but when I consider, on the other hand, the comburations of his Holiness on the 5th of November, I think there is no reason, physical or rational, for

the total execration of R nish ceremonies. I have just hinted thus much to open our present debate, and shall pay unlimited attention to any subsequent suggestion—*(A clap).*

I had not much time to chew the cud upon these opinions, for Mr. Giles Metaphor, of the Middle Temple, rose and harangued as follows:

Mr. *President*,

Wholly unprepared as I am, and conscious of my own inability, I should not have dared to speak on this question, but that its importance, in a civil and religious view, calls for support from the whole artillery of eloquence. Let the voluptuous man, sir, at other societies declaim for the transient rewards of orgeat and *porter*, and other sublunary gratifications of time and sense; but my voice shall be dedicated to my country gratis; yes, gentlemen, gratis will we rant, gratis will we storm, gratis will we swear, rebuke, reply, convince—hurl the thunder of argument, let rush the torrent of reproof, defend our country, check monarchy, and sink slavery into the gulph of oblivion—"leave not a rack behind," *Shakspeare's Tempest—(Applause).* Now with respect to the question, I do not mean to trace religion to the midnight of monkish ignorance, or search for the custom of throwing at cocks in the nursery of superstition; but to level my arguments against the bulwark of Popery, and prop up our liberties with the rafters of conviction. Liberty, gentlemen, is like a way-post, it directs to glory and emulation; while Popery is like a salamander, whose element is fire!!! and it cannot exist in any other—*(A prodigious clapping).* But, sir, shall we suffer these burning ruffians to lay their Popish claws upon us? Never! let them go on with their persecutions, we *will* not be convinced. Let them glory in their ignorance, for they have no more business with liberty than a toad has for a side pocket—*(A clap).* Look into the liberties of other countries, look at the petty extent of their priveleges: what was the cause of the fall of Portugal and Spain? and in France, their liberties are not so extensive as they would have us believe, they only savour of liberty, and are no more like Magna Charta, than a pig is like a fortnight—*(Vast and long clap).*

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

SINGULAR REASON FOR RELEASING PRISONERS.

In the *Memoirs of the Minority of Louis XIV.* it is related, that, on the death of Richelieu, many persons who had been exiled were recalled; and that the Marshals Vitry and Bassompierre were set at liberty, for this curious reason, "because they devoured too much in the Bastile."

SAFFRON.

In Ray's *Historia Plantarum*, we are told that saffron strengthens the stomach, but if taken to excess, may produce a mortal laughter; that this accident befel a lady of Trent, who, three hours after taking the drug, laughed herself to death. Such a death, however laughable it may seem, is very far from being so; and we should be glad to know

whether any modern experiments have been made on this subject.

ERRATUM IN THE SPECTATOR.

The *Spectator* gave his readers the following recipe for preserving health:—Eat as long as you have an appetite, but never of more than one dish, and that without any artificial sauces.—As to drinking, Sir William Temple used to say, that he drank the first glass to himself, the second to his friend, the third to good humour, and the fourth to his enemies.—"Very good," exclaimed a jolly toper, on reading this passage; "but *glass* is an error of the press, it ought to be *bottle*."

FRIENDSHIP OF CLEMENT XI.

Signor Toti, a Roman prelate, lived in great intimacy with Pope Clement XI. when only Signor Albani, and also after he became a cardinal; but on his elevation to the papal chair, their intercourse ceased. However, not long afterwards the post of auditor of the Rota having become vacant, Toti imagined that if he applied for it, the Pope would recollect the friendship which had formerly subsisted between them. He therefore inscribed his name in the list of those who desired an audience of his Holiness. When this list was brought to the latter, that he might appoint the hour, and he observed Toti's name, he guessed his errand, and ordered him to be admitted at the moment when he expected a cardinal. Just at this time Prince Eugene, with his army, had struck terror into all Italy. As soon as Toti entered, the Holy Father fell about his neck, shed tears of joy, and was transported that at such a critical juncture he could pour forth the troubles of his heart into the bosom of an old friend. With the utmost affability he communicated to him all the bad news which he had received, never allowing him time to put in a word, but whenever Toti attempted to speak, clasping him closely in his arms. Toti was exceedingly affected by so much grace and condescension, and wept as heartily as his Holiness. This farce was kept up by the Pope till the cardinal was announced. It was the custom of the papal court, that when a visitor of this class arrived, every other should retire. Clement therefore bestowed the pontifical benediction in the greatest haste, and Toti was obliged to walk into the anti-room, where he dried his tears; and it was not till then that he recollected, that he had not said a word concerning the business which brought him to his Holiness. It would now, indeed, have been superfluous, for the Pope had just nominated another person auditor of the Rota. He was doomed to experience a still greater mortification: his Holiness diverted himself on the subject of this occurrence with an evening party of his friends, and was even pleased to act it over again for the entertainment of his guests. This came to the ears of Toti, who fell sick and died. The poor man knew not that the most sacred ties are dissolved by circumstances, and that when these change, the friendship of the great is not at all to be depended upon.

IMPORTANT ARTS LOST.

In former times there resided at Nurnberg a celebrated dyer, named Krisel, whose *chef d'œuvre* was a piece of cloth dyed on one side scarlet and on the other violet.—

What art could be more difficult, unless that mentioned by Athenæus in his ninth book, namely, to dress a sucking pig in such a manner that it should appear boiled on one side and roasted on the other?—What a pity that such important, such admirable arts should be lost!

PROHIBITED BOOKS.

On occasion of a catalogue of prohibited books, Bayle observes, "There are things which have so much for and against them, that it is difficult to steer a middle course; and in such cases passion or obstinacy generally decides." Such, too, is the case with suspicious books. If you forbid them, you seem to be afraid to meet the arguments of the authors; if you permit their circulation, the public is in danger of being led astray by their sophistry. Hence arise violent disputes; and the example afforded by two natives of our own country, is worthy of remark. John and William Reynolds, two brothers, were brought up separately, the one in the Catholic, the other in the Protestant faith. When they had grown up, and again came together, they disputed with such warmth, and at the same time with such ability, respecting their religious tenets, that both were converted: the Catholic became a most zealous Presbyterian, and the Protestant so sincere a Catholic, that he even wrote a book, entitled *Calvino-Turcismus*, in which he labours to prove, that the Protestants are at bottom Mahometans.

When Nero commanded the satires of Fabricius Vejento to be burned at Rome, they were sought up and read with the greatest avidity, especially so long as it was attended with any danger, says Tacitus.

VARISOT.

A Frenchman named Varisot, who wrote an irreligious book under the title of *La Religion devoitee par la Raison*, employed a singular expedient for the perfection of his work. He paid a divine, a physician, and a chemist a dollar per hour, for hearing his book read over to them, and giving their opinions upon it. In this way he is said to have got rid of a great number of dollars. Would to Heaven that all the *beaux esprits* who sometimes torment people with their readings, were obliged to pay for it at last!

MILTON'S PERSON.

Many years since the two Richardsons, father and son, painters, published Remarks on Milton's *Paradise Lost*, to which was annexed a life of the author. In this precious piece of biography the poet's person was thus described:—"He was rather a middle-sized than a little man, and well-proportioned: latterly he was—no, not short and thick, but he would have been so, had he been something shorter and thicker than he was."

COMPARISON OF A LADY TO THE SUN.

The French poet Theophile, who lived in the 17th century, was earnestly solicited by a lady to make a comparison between her and the sun. Vexed at her importunities, he at length sent her the following *quatrain*:—

Que me veut donc cette importune,
Que je la compare au soleil?
Il est commun, elle est commune,
Voilà ce qu'ils ont de pareil.

ANTIQUITY OF ROUSSEAU'S ARGUMENTS AGAINST THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

It is well known, that the Academy of Dijon proposed the celebrated prize question, Whether the sciences and fine arts be more advantageous or detrimental to morals? and that Jean Jacques Rousseau's essay obtained the prize: but it is not equally notorious, that almost all the arguments which he adduces against the sciences, are to be found in an old Italian author. Lilio Giraldi, who flourished in the 16th century, and whose works were printed in 1580, at Basel, in two volumes folio, in his letters to Prince Pico de Mirandola, inveighs against the sciences on the very same grounds, asserting that they have banished all faith and integrity from the world, and become the cause of licentiousness and every species of vice.

ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

Lamberg, in his work entitled *Memorial d'un Mondain*, gives the following account of an eccentric character, who, about 40 years ago, attracted considerable notice on the Continent:—The Marquis d'Aymar, or De Belmar, known at Venice by the name of St. Germain, is an extraordinary character. He employed himself among women in making experiments upon flax, which he turned white, and rendered equal in quality to the raw silk of Italy. He imagines that he is 350 years old; and that he possesses an elixir which renews in him the vigour of youth. On the arrival of the Duke of York (brother to his Majesty) at Venice, he insisted on the right of precedence, because he was acquainted with the rank of the duke, but the latter was ignorant of his quality. He is said to have been at Pekin, without giving himself any name, under pretext that he did not know what it was, because he had received so many different appellations at the various places which he had visited. He received letters at Venice, without any other direction than the single word *Venice*, and his secretary applied in his behalf, for the letters that belonged to no other person. Nobody knows who this remarkable man can be, but he is thought to be a Portuguese: he possesses great erudition, and an extensive and, at the same time, local memory. He speaks much and with propriety, and asks all those with whom he converses such questions as astonish them. He plays very well on the violin, but behind a screen; and you would suppose that you heard five or six instruments altogether. He writes with both hands at once; and the writing of both looks exactly alike. He is said to have communicated to Wildman the secret of taming bees, and rendering serpents attentive to music and singing. He also asserts, that he is able to make diamonds, and that he learned this art in a voyage to India with Col. Clive, in 1755.

TRIAL OF LOVE.

Marshal Oudequerque was once riding by the side of his mistress, and professing that his devotion would stand the test of the severest trials. She took him at a word, and desired him to leap from the bridge to which they just at that moment happened to come. Without the least hesitation, the mar-

shal clapped spurs to his horse, and made him leap into the Scheldt, which flowed at a great depth below the bridge. This trial did not indeed cost him his life, but it completely cured him of his passion.

IWAN IV.

Iwan IV. who ascended the Russian throne in 1534, and reigned fifty years with equal ability and cruelty, was accustomed to stroll about in his dominions, to learn what his subjects thought concerning him and his government. He once applied, in the character of a poor traveller, for a night's lodging, in a village not far from Moscow. All the inhabitants shut their doors against him except one, who was poorer than any of his neighbours, but compassionately received him into his hut, and shared with him his frugal supper. The same night, the peasant's wife was delivered of a child; and next morning early the czar, thanking his host for his attention, and promising to bring him a godfather for his infant, was about to depart, but the honest peasant insisted that he should stop to breakfast. He thought no more of the matter, as the promise of a poor man did not seem likely to be of any advantage to him. The following morning, to his astonishment, he beheld the czar and all his retinue approaching his humble cottage. "Do you know me?" asked the czar, as he alighted from his horse.—"O yes," answered the peasant, "you are our most gracious czar."—"I am," rejoined the emperor, "and also the poor traveller whom you so hospitably received. Don't you recollect," continued he, "that I promised to bring you a godfather for your child? Well, I am come to stand for it myself; so make preparations, that it may be baptised to-day." The czar held the infant at the font, and, instead of the present usual on the occasion, he gave the peasant a written obligation, which secured himself and his family for ever from want. Penetrated with silent gratitude, the poor man, who at length ventured to consider his good fortune as something more than a dream, threw himself at the feet of the prince, while tears alone expressed the language of his heart. "You gave me more," said the czar, raising him, "than I have given you. But now I have not time to hear you—other business demands my attention." Turning to his ministers, "I command," said he, "that all the houses in the village, this alone excepted, in which I was not denied admittance, be levelled with the ground." The ministers were filled with consternation, for they knew how seldom Iwan could be prevailed upon to alter his decrees. The honest peasant felt sincerely for his neighbours, who were to be punished with such severity. He sunk at the feet of the monarch, and implored his mercy for them, but in vain. "No," said the czar, "I cannot grant you this request. You know not how bad people ought to be punished. If I do not teach your neighbours in an impressive manner how to behave with kindness and hospitality to poor travellers, they will never learn. But when they find, from their own experience, how uncomfortable it is to be obliged to lie abroad in the cold, they will be

convinced of their own cruelty and amend their conduct." The ministers were obliged to announce this rigid injunction to the delinquents, and the very same day all the houses of those hard-hearted people were demolished.

PLATE 31.—GROSVENOR-SQUARE.

THIS square received its name from Sir Richard Grosvenor, Bart. who was, in right of the manor of Wimondham, Herts, grand cup-bearer at the coronation of George the Second. This gentleman had a great passion for building, and covered a considerable plot of ground in the neighbourhood, between New Bond-street and Hyde Park, which now produces an immense income to his descendant, the Earl of Grosvenor. Grosvenor-Square covers six acres of ground, is situated on the south side of Oxford-street, and is considered the handsomest in the metropolis; not indeed from the regularity of its buildings, but from the general appearance, and it has ever been held the first for fashionable residence. The garden, which is very picturesque from all points of view, was laid out by Kent. It has of late years, however, been deprived of much of its shrubbery, in consequence of the cover afforded by it to the servants in the neighbourhood, whose noise disturbed the nobility and gentry during their morning repose. The eastern side of the square exhibits some regularity of architecture; the other three offer specimens of various species of domestic buildings. The center house on the eastern side was won by raffle, in the year 1739, by two persons named Hunt and Braithwaite, who sold it to the Duke of Norfolk for seven thousand pounds. The statue in the center of this place was executed by Van Nost; it is an equestrian figure of George I. and was placed there by Sir R. Grosvenor. This statue, in the year 1726, stood near the redoubt called Oliver's Mount; some disaffected person there mutilated it, and affixed a traitorous paper to the pedestal.

Were we to attempt to form a list of the noble and illustrious persons who have inhabited this place, we should make our catalogue very extensive. Mr. Malcolm, in treating on this subject, says, most of his readers must know that it is "the very focus of feudal grandeur, elegance, fashion, taste, and hospitality; the novel-reader must be intimately acquainted with the description of residents within it, when the words Grosvenor-Square are to be found in almost every work of that species written in the compass of fifty years."

Here long resided Mr. Wilkes, the champion of liberty, in the house at the corner of South Audley-street. His daughter had etched the six lower panes of glass in each parlour window, which were broken by a mob during a public disturbance a few years ago. At the corner house on the north side, has long resided Sir George Beaumont, Baronet, whose taste for the fine arts is not only displayed by his

valuable collection of pictures by the greatest masters, ancient and modern, but also by his own admirable productions in landscape.—Here too reside the Earl of Derby, the friend of the illustrious Fox, and his countess, formerly Miss Farren, whose beauty and transcendant talents upon the stage, were exceeded only by her exemplary virtue in private life; and also Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and his amiable lady, who has long shone in the great world as one of the most distinguished luminaries of taste and fashion.

We must not omit here to mention the Picture Gallery of the nobleman the proprietor of this estate, whose residence is in the immediate neighbourhood of the square, in the magnificent house in Upper Grosvenor-street. Part of this splendid gallery was collected by the father of the present earl; a vast addition was made to it by the purchase of a great proportion of the grand collection the property of the late Welbore Ellis Agar, Esq. for the sum of thirty thousand pounds. Lord Grosvenor, to gratify the public, has munificently thrown open this gallery one day in each week, for a certain period, during the spring of the last few years.

We cannot too much respect those noblemen and gentlemen, who thus liberally furnish an intellectual feast for the lovers of the fine arts. The possession of fortune dignifies the holder when it is thus liberally used, and is the most certain means of securing the respect of the world, and exemption from that hatred, or envy at least, which mankind is wont to feel towards those whom fortune has selected for her favourites.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXXII.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris; aut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa supernè,
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici? — Hor. *Ars Poet.*

Suppose a painter, to a human head,
Should join a horse's neck, and wildly spread
The various plumage of the feather'd kind
O'er limbs of different beasts, absurdly join'd;
Or if he gave to view a beauteous maid,
Above the waist with every charm array'd,
Should a foul fish her lower parts infold,
Would you not laugh such pictures to behold?

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

Sir,

During my rambles through different parts of this island, in the course of last summer, I visited Edinburgh; and I must own, that the pleasure I enjoyed in viewing that fine city, and its magnificent as well as beautiful vicinities, received a sensible interruption, when, on examining Holyrood-House, the royal palace of Scotland, I perceived that its beautiful chapel was without a roof. To what cause this extraordinary negligence is to be attributed, it is not for me to enquire; I shall only beg leave to suggest, that the reparation of this

interesting structure would require but a small comparative expence, which, if no regular and established means are at hand, might be effected by a subscription of the Scottish nobility, with his Royal Highness the Duke of Rothsay at their head; when the chapel royal of Scotland would be restored to its former figure, and be applied to its original intentions and characteristic functions. The thing speaks for itself; and I should presume, that these brief observations are not the first which have been made respecting this disgraceful dilapidation. Not only a nation's honour, but the dignity of the crown and the veneration due to religion, are involved in the maintenance of this structure.

I am also induced, by an emotion arising from a similar principle, to pass to another object which has awakened my sympathising attention. It is in a part of the kingdom very remote from that which contains the object of my former dissatisfaction.

In a tour through the Isle of Wight, I proved myself so little of an antiquary, as to be astonished when, on visiting the parish church of Newport, which is so well known to be the principal town of that insular paradise, my conductor solicited my particular attention to the spot which contained the ashes of an English princess, the daughter of Charles I. who died in Carisbrook castle during her royal father's confinement in that place. No monument marks the spot, and tradition alone sanctifies it as the grave of a person whose exalted rank, and the peculiar circumstances attendant on whose life, as well as the period of her death, render her memory interesting, beyond expression, to our reflection, and calculated to awaken the tenderest sentiments of commiseration and regret. I do not hesitate to say, that the loyal spirit of the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight has slumbered over the grave of this princess, when it ought to have erected some memorial suited to the character of the misfortunes and early fate of the daughter of an excellent man, though an unfortunate prince, and whose cruel end is annually commemorated with religious deprecation by the ritual of our church. I hope it will not yet be thought too late to redeem past negligence, and that the bones of this princess will be hereafter protected with due distinction by that pious loyalty, which, if it appeared only in one individual, would soon cause a similar feeling to animate the bosoms of many others. I should feel an uncommon satisfaction in promoting, in any way, the erection of such a memorial, nor should it want the support, as it would, when completed, receive the warmest approbation of

Your obedient humble servant,

HUGO DE MORVILLE.

I have inserted the suggestions of my correspondent, which appear to have arisen from emotions very honourable to himself; and it may be hoped, that I am not the only one whose wishes may look forward to see his ideas realized.

It is not my intention to enlarge upon his complaints, or to add any recommendations or notions of my own respecting the removal of them, but the subject recalls to my mind various observations which the *old*

and *new ruins*, that solicit our veneration on the one hand, and call forth our admiration and ridicule on the other, have induced me at different times to make; and I shall now take the liberty of presenting them to the attention of my readers.

The modern taste for ruins and Gothic architecture, amidst all its absurdities, has had one good effect: it has proved a guardian to the former, and has saved many an old castle and antique abbey from prevailing neglect and wanton dilapidation. How many instances might be named where these venerable, interesting, and beautiful piles have been considered as quarries above ground, to furnish materials for the reparation of farm-houses, cottages, out-houses, and walls, when they were left to the mercy of country stone-masons and bricklayers, village surveyors and provincial stewards. Among many others which might be named, Netley Abbey, in the vicinity of Southampton, an object so well known and so much admired for its picturesque character and beautiful situation, and which the artist and poet have employed their best powers to delineate and describe, was once threatened with being snatched from the slow, progressive corrosions of time, by the pick-axe of the artizan and the claims of tenants. But the elegant poem of Mr. Keate awakened the spirit of preservation in the bosom of the owner of these remains, and, from that time, no inroad has been made upon them, but such as the natural course of decay has produced.—A contrary extreme has now taken place, and ancient ruins are not only carefully preserved, but, in some instances, curiously repaired, and new ruins constructed. They seem to be essential decorations in the art of modern gardening; and though fancy cannot, like Don Quixote, turn windmills into giants, I could name instances of water-mills wearing the forms of abbies, or convents, or priories, or some of the shapes of those buildings where solitary Sanctity took up her abode. Nay, examples might be produced, where ruins have been purchased, and carefully removed to be rebuilt in other situations, and become the ornaments of other sceneries.

If a fanciful genius were to animate some of these ancient structures, and to make them hold dialogues with their new neighbours, in the same manner and with the same spirit as Le Sage inspired certain chimnies of Madrid in his entertaining novel of the *Devil upon two Sticks*, some curious and laughable raillery might be introduced on the taste that deals in these varieties. By way of example, a cross, which for centuries stood neglected and despised in one of the dismal streets of Bristol, before the spirit of improvement had introduced its useful widenings, local enlargements, and illuminating dilapidations, now occupies a riant spot in the Arcadian Paradise, the British Tempe of Stourhead, in Wiltshire, where the chaste beauty of Grecian architecture and its Palladian imitations, unite with all the sylvan exuberance of the surrounding scenes, and the bold diversified range of distant prospect. Carfax, the celebrated conduit, which, for two hundred years, occupied the central point

of the four principal streets in the city of Oxford, has been removed to a woody brow, commanding a most splendid prospect in a fine tranquil part of the park at Nuneham, the seat of Earl Harcourt. With what sentiments this fine pile of stone might be inspired, in its present noiseless state of repose, after having existed for such a length of time amid the perpetual roll and rattle of its former position, I shall leave to the invention of some one who has more genius for fabulous composition than I can boast.

Such transpositions of old ruins are, however, for obvious reasons, less subject to ridicule than the construction of new ones: because, if the character of a new situation is appropriately suited to the subject that is removed, one of the objections to the transferral of it is done away; and when it is considered what a change has taken place in the appearance of the country that surrounds an ancient structure since its first erection, it may lose little of its individual originality; antiquarian prejudice may alone be wounded by the change. As for modern ruins, they now appear to have become an additional branch of architecture, and books of designs for their construction are published, so that modern gardening may find them ready assorted in all the varieties of tumble-down towers, mouldering gateways, roofless chapels, and broken arches; nay, if I am not mistaken, they may be had ready made in artificial stone. Indeed, I have heard it said, that some gardener near Bethnal Green has discovered the art of transplanting ivy in a way to give it the appearance of the growth of half a century. Such an addition as ready made ruins must heighten the display of the various manufactories round London for pavilions, summer-houses, alcoves, cottages, lodges, dairies, gateways, dove-cotes, aviaries, and other buildings useful and ornamental, which are peculiarly calculated to assist the picturesque, in lawns of half an acre of surface to parks of several miles in circumference.

Various are the ridiculous circumstances which have attended this rage for ruins, and I shall beg leave, for the amusement of my readers, to relate two or three of them on the authority of a curious observer, whose information has never yet misled or deceived me.

A gentleman, who thought a piggery would admit of a ruined form, and give a solemn variety to the scene where he wished to place it, employed an architect to make the design and carry it into effect. The sties, therefore, were correctly formed for the purpose; so that the hogs grunted beneath broken arches and decapitated pinnacles, while they sucked up their wash from troughs adorned with florid traceries. Ivy had already begun to creep up the pillars, and all the promise of Gothic beauty in ruins was anticipated, when a landscape-painter, who was employed to take a view of the spot, objected to its deficiency in the picturesque. The walls, he thought, were not sufficiently broken, nor the irregular decays and corrosions of time naturally displayed. In short, the ignorance of the builder of these ruins was so completely exposed,

in the opinion of the proprietor of the place, that he determined to give the structure such a shock, as to throw it back a century or two beyond its actual appearance. He was afraid to trust to the pick-axe and the mallet, as they would be too minute in their operations, and not give a sufficient boldness to the irregularity of their destruction. It was, therefore, determined to employ gunpowder, whose wild, fantastic, shattering power would give the best possible effect to the premeditated destruction. The painter, who had been a corporal in the volunteer association of St. Anne's, Soho, undertook the business; but, never having had the conduct of a larger quantity of gunpowder than would charge a musket, and of course being ignorant of the comparative force of combustible power, he placed such a quantity of it under the archway, that, instead of giving it a mild shock, disordering a battlement, shattering a mullion or two, and producing a fanciful fissure in the wall, the explosion blew up the gate altogether, with a sow and nine pigs and seven fat porkers; besides doing an irreparable injury to a Chinese boar, which, but a few days before, had been presented, by the captain of an Indiaman, to a young lady of the family to whom he paid his addresses.

Another circumstance of a similar nature will long be remembered in the neighbourhood where it happened.

A gentleman, who had purchased an estate about twenty miles from London, being anxious to give the lawn which surrounded his mansion all the decorations of modern improvement, determined, among the rest, to have a set of ruins; and, having selected a design from a drawing-master's book of instructions, he employed a Marybone builder to erect them; which he did with Marybone bricks, and of the usual solidity of Marybone houses. Marybone plaister was also to give them the appearance of stone: but, one fine morning, while the plaisterer was at work on his scaffold, to effect the antique purpose, the whole new-built ruin fell in with a sudden crash, and buried the poor workman in the rubbish; who was so bruised, that several weeks' residence in the Marybone hospital were necessary to restore him to his family.

I have not said all I could say on this subject, and perhaps I may, on a future occasion, be disposed to renew it. It was, indeed, my intention, if the space allotted me would have allowed it, to have said something on the prevalence of Gothic designs, or rather what are so denominated, for country houses, cottages, &c. There is a kind of prettiness in some of them which attracts attention; and, as irregularity is a prevailing and, I believe, allowable feature in their construction, no small convenience may, in certain cases, result from them. If a house is clad with Grecian uniformity, and the owner wishes to enlarge it, he must either sacrifice his accommodation or destroy the simplicity of the elevation, or wait with patience till trees will grow to hide the new erection: while a new room may be added to a Gothic design in any form, and towers may rise in any part, to give new closets and staircases,

without injuring the character, and sometimes with additional picturesqueness to the figure of the building. But to see what shapes are called Gothic, is one thing; and to see what purposes the most beautiful Gothic forms and enrichments are applied to, is another. I know a gentleman whose stable lanterns are made in the shape of a cupola in the cathedral of Gloucester. I have seen cradles, where the first hours of life are cherished, made after the outlines of the receptacles of the dead. I was once surprised with the sight of a Gothic wheelbarrow, applied to the sole use of a Gothic green-house, whose wheel was made to imitate the rose window in the north transept in Westminster Abbey. The late Lord Orford was very much devoted to this kind of appropriation; and Strawberry-Hill is full of it, with some prettiness and much absurdity. I shall conclude my remarks with some very sensible observations which I have read in Hakewill's *History of Windsor*.

"The prevailing taste of the day has fallen upon an imitation of the pointed architecture for almost every purpose; a style of building entirely incompatible with the arrangements of modern convenience, if the character of its principal features be strictly attended to. These are, however, in most instances, sacrificed, and while good taste is violated, comfort is scarcely secured. The larger openings for windows are made to exhibit the pointed arch, but the characteristic tracery has given way to the modern, though uncongenial adaptation of a French casement; the smaller ones are robbed of their mullions; and the paramount necessity, in the climate of England, of opposing all the frontage we are able, to the cheering influence of the sun, obliges us to avoid those numerous projections and irregularities which can alone, by the depth and variety of their shadows, produce the effect of Gothic solemnity. But the principles which have brought these imitations of the pointed architecture into use, to the exclusion of those examples which the Greeks, and indeed the Romans, have left us, deserve to be well considered before we sanction, even were the copy more perfect, this novel adoption of what has been termed Ecclesiastic architecture, for domestic purposes."

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXXVI.

It appears also, by the account of Baron de Vaux, that on the sixth evening, the English made an attempt to land, but, by an artifice of the baron's, they were prevented. He says, "As I was attentive to guard the coast, I hastened to this point (where the attempt was made) with some small pieces: I saw the frigate and the sloops furling their sails opposite to me, whilst the latter appeared to be approaching the opening of the river; I immediately ordered my artillery to play, and at the first discharge, the drums, which were

scattered about in different places, at some distance, with orders to come to me at that signal, came beating a march, which made the English suspect that my force was very considerable, and they accordingly retired from the shore." He concludes by saying, "The enemy were certainly deceived by appearances, and concluded from circumstances, which are very fallacious, that we were in a state of defence very superior to our actual capacity." Admiral Cornish also, who was cruizing in these seas in 1761, might have taken these islands with great ease, had he been so instructed. Captain Munro, already cited, in a former number says, "I think it very much to be regretted, that the British government, in the last war, did not direct its first efforts against these islands: a well directed blow against the *root of the tree*, would have caused all its branches to fall. It would have been the most certain and quickest mode of subduing the French power in this quarter of the globe. Had this measure been adopted, the English would not only have been able to overthrow Hyder Ali, but even the Dutch and Spanish settlements in the East Indies. The principal inhabitants laugh at our not having sent Sir Edward Hughes's squadron to attack it, on its way to Madras: one of the most respectable persons in the town frankly assured me, they were much afraid of it, and that the island was in such a sad state of defence, that, anticipating this event, they had already begun to think of the articles of capitulation. The Islands of France and Bourbon would have infallibly fallen into our hands, for at this time scarcely any works of defence had been raised, and there were not beyond 500 European regular troops in the two islands. I doubt not but the French will take care for the future not to be surprised in such a weak state." He proceeds (after having lamented that Commodore Johnstone's force had not been directed against these islands):—"It may be considered as presumption in me, to give my opinion on a subject of such importance; but, after having attentively examined the matter, I am so perfectly convinced of the inutility of any attempt to overthrow the French power in the Indies, without first reducing the Isles of France and Bourbon, that, were another war to break out, I should humbly and strongly recommend to our government, not to lose time in making a vigorous attack upon these islands, as the most efficacious and quickest means of gaining our object."

MERCATOR & CO.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. PYNE, author of The Microcosm, The Costume of England, and Rustic Figures, lately published by R. Ackermann, is now preparing a new work of very small *Rustic Figures for decorating Landscapes*, which will be published, about January next, at R. Ackermann's Repository of Arts.

A new novel, entitled *A Batchelor's Heiress, or a Tale without a Wonder*, by the authoress of The

Daughter of St. Omer, will be shortly published.

A new edition of Sir William Dugdale's *History of Embanking and Draining*, with a Continuation to the present time, extracted from records, manuscripts, and other authentic testimonies, and accompanied with maps of the principal marsh-land and fen districts, is preparing for publication by subscription.

Mr. William Dodsworth is preparing for the press a *Description of Salisbury Cathedral*, including an account of its monuments and biographical memoirs of its bishops, in a quarto volume, with engravings.

Mr. Barker is preparing for publication, a *View of all the best and most valuable Editions of the Classics, and of Works on Latin Criticism and Antiquities.*

A Picturesque Voyage round Great Britain, illustrated by coloured engravings, to commence with a voyage from the Land's-End toward Anglesea, will soon appear, in imperial 4to. The narrative will be written by Mr. Richard Ayton, and the prints will be engraved by Mr. Wm. Daniell from his own drawings.

In a few days will be published, *The Art of preserving the Sight unimpaired to extreme old Age, of re-establishing it and strengthening it when it becomes weak*, with instructions how to proceed in accidental cases which do not require the assistance of professional men.

Miss Holcroft has nearly ready for publication, a novel in three volumes, entitled *The Wife and Lover.*

A prospectus has been circulated, announcing a new monthly miscellany, illustrated with engravings, under the title of *The East Anglian*, a magazine of literary and miscellaneous information for the counties of Suffolk, Norfolk, Essex, and Cambridge; to which will be appended, the History of Suffolk, written and arranged by Thomas Harral, from original documents founded upon actual survey taken by the Rev. W. Betham and others.

The Society for promoting Christian Knowledge are preparing to publish, periodically, a *Family Bible*, in two quarto volumes, with notes by the Rev. George D'Oyly and the Rev. Richard Mant, and appropriate engravings.

Mr. Dyer's *History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge* is in the press. It will be published in 4to. and 8vo. to correspond with Chalmers' Oxford. The engravings will be executed by Messrs. Greig and Storer.

Mr. Wm. Playfair has in the press a work, entitled *Political Portraits*, with explanatory notes historical and biographical.

Earl Stanhope has been for some time past engaged in a series of experiments, the object of which is, to multiply or to renovate copper-plate engravings, so that they may produce an indefinite number of impressions, all equal to proofs.

Mr. Caulfield has prepared a new edition of his *Collection of Remarkable Characters*, completing the Twelfth Class of Granger's Biographical History of England, with the addition of many valuable portraits never before published, which will speedily appear in 3 vols. 4to and 8vo.

Mr. Robert Walpole is engaged in editing a work on certain *Parts of Turkey*. It will contain manuscript journals and remarks on parts of Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, by late travellers; and the Statistics, Antiquities, Natural History, and Geography of those countries, will be elucidated by drawings and observations which have never yet been before the public.

Mr. Singer has in the press, *Elements of Electricity and Electro-Chemistry*, comprehending a summary of the present state of electrical knowledge, with a full exposition of the subject of galvanism, or Voltaic electricity. A few copies will be printed on superior paper, and illustrated by real specimens of the beautiful figures that are produced on paper by the electrical oxidation of various metals.

The Rev. David Williams, A. M. has in the press, and will speedily publish, *An Historical Sketch of the Opinions and Doctrines of the various Religions in the World;* to which will be added, a View of the Evidences of Christianity and of the Reformation, in a small pocket volume.

In the course of December will appear, *The Pocket Companion to the Law of Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, Checks, Drafts*, &c.; to which will be added, the stamp duties, &c.: by the editor of the Mercantile Magazine. This little manual will be peculiarly adapted for merchants, tradesmen, and all others who have any dealings in bills.

Leamington Spa, near Warwick, is now become a place of considerable resort; and the rides, walks, and drives in its vicinity, are beautiful beyond description. Mr. Bisset, of Birmingham, has lately removed his elegant museum to that fashionable spa, and likewise established a very splendid picture-gallery and news-room in the villa. An assembly-room has recently been opened upon a very extensive scale. A theatre is just finished; and the new pump-room and baths now erecting, are the most superb edifices of the kind in Europe. The expence of the pump-room alone will far exceed £20,000; and several baths are to be appropriated for the *free* use of necessitous invalids. The waters have all the properties of the Cheltenham springs, and Leamington is the most central spa in the kingdom.

Mr. Bisset has in the press, *A General Description of Leamington*, with an account of all the objects of curiosity and consequence in its vicinity.

A bill has been introduced into the House of Lords, and deferred till the next sessions, the object of which is to prevent the spreading of the infection of the small-pox. Its preamble states, that whereas great mortality has occurred in the last and preceding year amongst his Majesty's subjects in the metropolis and in many parts of the united kingdom, from the disorder of the small-pox: and whereas from the extended, and in many places almost universal practice of vaccination in many parts of the world, the mortality from small-pox has in such countries altogether or in great part ceased: and whereas the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons respectively in London, and the physicians and others superintending other medical establish-

ments, have, in authentic reports and communications, recorded their opinion as to the security afforded by vaccination against the variolous infection: and whereas it is expedient, for the security and preservation of the lives and health of his Majesty's subjects, that certain rules and regulations should be established for the giving notice of persons communicating by inoculation, or receiving by inoculation, or otherwise, the variolous infection, that precautions may be adopted against the spreading of such infection, in order that persons preferring inoculation to vaccination, may resort to the same with as little danger as possible to others of his Majesty's subjects: be it therefore enacted, &c.—The following is a summary of its provisions:—That notice be given of inoculation by the practitioner, and also by the parents of children, &c.; —that no person practise inoculation for small-pox without obtaining printed forms, &c. from his Majesty's Colleges of Physicians or Surgeons, &c. such printed forms to be returned, with particulars, to the College of Physicians, &c.;—that practitioners give a certificate when infection has ceased;—that persons be not exposed under inoculation;—that persons attacked with natural small-pox be received into houses appropriated for the cure thereof, &c.;—and that no churchwarden, overseer, &c. of the poor, order any person receiving parish relief to be inoculated with small-pox, nor medical person to act under such order.

The fourth Annual Exhibition of the Liverpool Academy of Arts is now open. The *Liverpool Mercury* remarks, that "the present exhibition in the rooms of the Liverpool Academy is particularly of a character to encourage the rising artist, while it affords high gratification to the amateur, and pleasure to the general spectator. The pictures which have been sent by West, Beechy, Westall, Ward, and other men of the first rank among British artists, are rich specimens of their powers. It would be tedious to particularize the merits of particular performances. The *Triumph of Love*, by West, is a spirited performance, uniting grandeur of conception with elegance, if not brilliancy of execution. His picture of *Lot and his Daughters*, though a subject very different in its nature, may be characterized in the same words. Westall's *Adoration of the Shepherds* has, undoubtedly, great merit, and will be admired by many. In his *Solitude*, he has ventured upon a subject not usual to his splendid and animated pencil; and has succeeded in depicting the solemn gloom of a retired glen, of which the only visible inhabitant is the heron. Drummond's *Death of Nelson* is an admirable picture. Among other pictures that demand attention, is, the *Henry and Emma* of Woodfoorde, and the *Raising of the Daughter of Jairus*, by Halls. The first of these is an elegant specimen of the effect of reflected light in a picture; the expression is also of the highest character. Ward's pictures of *Asses and Pigs*, possess all the excellence for which, in those subjects, his pencil has been so highly esteemed. In portraits of *Horses*, Towne, of Liverpool, is, perhaps, without a rival: he has

in this exhibition three paintings, which do great credit to his talents, both with respect to his knowledge of the anatomy of the animal, and the brilliancy with which he fills up his accurate outline."

The excavations among the ruins of Pompeii continue to be prosecuted with much industry; and a great number of workmen have been constantly employed within the last twelve months. On the 21st of November several skeletons were found of inhabitants who had endeavoured to escape, perhaps after having ineffectually tried various ways of extricating themselves, for the ashes around them were ten feet deep: some of them had gold rings on their fingers, one of which resembles a serpent coiled up; and several had ear-rings, with two pendants terminated by a pearl. There are similar sets of ear-rings in the cabinet of the *Bibliothéque Impériale;* they were found in an excavation made by order of Gen. Championnet. It would seem as if all these skeletons belonged to one family: the bones of an infant, so small that it could scarcely have seen the light, or perhaps it was still unborn, induce a belief, that in this family there was an unfortunate mother, who was flying with her child from the effects of the eruption. A slave seems to have been charged with the family treasure, contained in a cloth folded several times around it; the external surface is calcined, but the interior bands are still entire. Its contents were about three hundred pieces of silver coin and eight of gold. Pompeii affords a mine which will long supply ample funds of instruction and amusement to the learned. The new Neapolitan government intend to clear away the rubbish from around the walls, in the first instance; and when these are well defined, the different streets and squares will be traced, and the houses and buildings more easily examined: the excavations around the walls have been, as might be expected, unproductive; but this is not the case with those which were made at the same time in the *Via Consularis,* leading from Naples to Pompeii. Several monuments are already described, such as the tombs of the family of Arria; the hemicycle, or semicircular bench, of a form so elegant, that the priestess Mammia had established it to serve as a resting-place to the inhabitants of Pompeii, near a place which a decree of the Decurii had appointed for her sepulchre. Within these four months, four tombs have been discovered; two of them are of a remarkable form, and placed within separate inclosures: the first is decorated with bas-reliefs, which represent the games of the gladiators, and the hunting matches which were exhibited to the populace in the amphitheatre, to render the funeral of the defunct more magnificent. The bas-relief in which the gladiators are represented, also exhibits inscriptions traced with a pencil in a black colour. Time and the action of heat have obliterated a great part; but what remains, still furnishes us with some additional particulars as to the gladiators. This tomb is square, and the roof is in steps, like that of King Mausolus. Probably the statue which must have terminated this pyramid, will be found. The

second tomb is round, like those of Cecilia Metella, near Rome, and Munatius Plancus, at Gaeta. The bas-reliefs which adorn the wall of the inclosure, consist of mystic allegories relative to the state of souls after death, which announce, that he who was buried within it, studied sacred mysteries and the dogmas of some philosophical sect. The third form is a cippus, but of a very agreeable figure: it covered the remains of a priestess of Ceres. A fourth tomb has been discovered, but it has not yet been entirely cleared.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Lanza's ELEMENTS OF SINGING, Vol. I. Nos. 7 and 8.

MR. LANZA'S assiduity almost keeps pace with the wishes of his subscribers and the musical public; for the last of the foregoing numbers closes the first part of his Elements, and probably completes about one third of the whole work. Thus we may look with confidence to the termination of this valuable vocal code in a reasonable space of time. The present two numbers continue the solfeggios for one, and for two voices with the support of the piano-forte, in every species of key, of time, and of general form. The time is invariably indicated by the length of a pendulum; but we ought to remark, that this excellent method does not supersede the expediency of adding the usual signature to direct the nature of the movement, andante, allegro, &c. frequently omitted in the Elements. Many of those Italian words carry more with them than mere directions for the time; and, besides, by seeing the pendular signature added to the one hitherto used, the pupil will acquire an intuitive knowledge, a habit for timeing the latter, when he sees music without the former. We suppose Mr. Lanza has reserved his exercises for the tenor and bass cleffs to a future portion of the work. Hitherto none have appeared; and as we take a lively interest in this undertaking, we venture to suggest, when the work has arrived at the proper stage, the expediency of giving some classic *arias*, &c. with an accompanying analysis of their texture, indicative of the style, the feeling, the expression, vocal modulation, in short, of every peculiarity with which their component parts are to be appropriately delivered by the singer.

Martini's celebrated Overture to Henry the Fourth, arranged for the Piano-Forte, Harp, and Flute, and inscribed to Miss Hodges of Hanwell, by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 5s.; single, 3s. 6d.

This overture, which some of our readers may better recollect under the title of the *Battle of Ivry*, has deservedly maintained its reputation to the present day; and the form under which Mr. M. now exhibits it, will certainly not impair its good name. The support of the harp must add much to its inherent brilliancy, especially under the judicious and rich arrangement which has been given to the whole. The additional staves of the harp solos, subjoined to the piano-forte score, render the execution, on the latter instrument *alone*, perfectly practicable and complete.

"Le Retour du Guerrier," the favourite Indian Divertissement by Mons. Didelot, performed at the

King's Theatre, Haymarket; the Music composed, selected, and arranged for the Piano-Forte, by F. Venua. Pr. 5s.

All the several movements of this divertissement partake more or less of the light and pleasing French style of Mr. Venua's ballet compositions. Among those which preferably interested our attention, we will name the larghetto No. 3, for Miss Mori's *pas-seul*—the allegretto scherzando No. 5, to which some uncommon harmonic turns impart a certain degree of novelty—the allegretto grazioso *p.* 8, on account of its lively subject in the polacca style, and of one or two good bass passages—and the finale, which concludes in a shewy manner. The whole is by no means fraught with any executive difficulties for either hand, and least of all for the left.

"*Entre nous,*" *a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-Forte.* No. 27. Pr. 2s.

Ditto, ditto. No. 28. Pr. 2s.

We are not aware of having before noticed a collection of duets published, under the aforesaid title, by Messrs. Goulding and Co. of which the two preceding portions form a part. Their advanced numbers impress us with a favourable opinion of the popularity of the undertaking. Both, in the present instance, are sacred subjects, arranged by Mr. T. L. Smith; viz. No. 27, a theme by Marcello, "O Lord our Governor," and No. 28, Pergolesi's "Gloria in excelsis." The name alone of these authors, especially of the latter, is a passport of some weight, and Mr. Smith's arrangement appears perfectly creditable. We are not at all averse to good church music being occasionally exhibited in this form, and the scrupulous will thank Mr. S. for having thereby furnished them with the means of enjoying the pure pleasures of harmony even on the Sabbath-day.

"*O Lord, who never failest,*" *the Collect for the second Sunday after Trinity, set to Music, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte or Organ,* by Charles Lacy. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A piece of sacred composition for four voices, in no respect deviating from the ordinary style of plain church music. There is nothing uncommon either in the harmony or the melody; the rhythm is irregular and confused, and to the metrical quantity the author has likewise not shown the greatest attention. *Perpetual,* for instance, is very singularly scanned.

Kyrie Eleeison, composed by D. Pilbrow, of Exeter. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Another sacred glee for four voices, also plain in harmony and melody; but considerably superior to the foregoing on the score of rhythmical construction. The periods are regular and well determined, an advantage which gives to the piece a more perfect character of roundness and finish.

The white Cockade, a celebrated Scotch Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Mary Shears, by T. Howell. Pr. 2s.

The well known theme of this rondo may be said to have been respectfully treated in this instance: there is nothing peculiarly striking on the score of originality in the thoughts deduced from the subject, nor can we point out any instance of superior harmonic combination;

all proceeds soberly and decently, so as to merit, if not strong recommendation, yet a fair title to have its turn in the practice of the common scholar.

"*La Violette,*" *a Divertimento for the Harp or Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for a Flageolet or Flute, ad libitum, composed and dedicated to the Countess of Landaff,* by J. Blewitt. Pr. 2s. 6d.

An andante and rondo in E b, conceived in a pleasing mellow style, without any striking originality of invention or display of science; but put together with propriety and good taste, so as to excite agreeable interest throughout. In the andante we particularly meet with satisfactory specimens of Mr. B.'s style, both as to melody and harmony. The subject of the rondo is cheerful, in the manner of Pleyel's rondo themes: it is terminated by a respectable coda; which, however, might, in our opinion, have been more closely connected with the conclusion of the theme, upon which it has been made to follow rather suddenly.

In Pity hear—the celebrated Trio, originally sung in the Opera of the Circassian Bride, and since sung with the greatest applause at the Public Concerts, composed by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 3s.

In our former critique on the Circassian Bride, this trio was not included, not having been inserted in the piano-forte extract published at the time; an omission which it certainly little deserved, since, in our opinion, it is one of the best pieces in the opera. This praise it claims on more than one account: the various feeling infused into the several divisions of the melody, the dramatic effect which is produced by appropriate change of key and time, and, above all, by a very ornamental accompaniment, impart interest to every portion of the composition. Among a number of interesting ideas, we will notice the elegant *motivo* of the allegretto moderato (*p.* 3)—the sudden burst in G sharp minor at "my solemn oath," (*p.* 4)—the active instrumental support, *pp.* 5, 7, 8—the highly appropriate exclamation, "Ah!" (*p.* 8) by means of the unexpected (B sharp, 3, 6), &c. Much merit, too, is due to the skill with which the three voices are fitted into each other.

Two Duets, in a familiar Style, for two Flutes, composed by M. P. Corri. Op. 4. Pr. 3s.

No instrument has been more abused by a multitude of trash composed, compiled, or pilfered by Grub-street composers, than the poor German flute. It is therefore a sight the more welcome, to discover occasionally something intended for rational ears. Of this latter description are the two duets before us. They combine executive facility with neatness of expression; the melodies are agreeable, and of that judicious nature to which the addition of only another part gives a sufficient harmonic support. The various passages, responses, and imitations are conceived in the true character of the instrument; so that, whether for practice or for amusement, these duets merit the attention of the amateur.

A Divertimento for the Harp and Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, ad libitum, composed, and dedicated to the

Hon. Lady Cockerell, by G. G. Ferrari. Op. 54. Pr. 6s.

A chasteness of expression, free from even the shadow of extravagance, forms the merit of this divertimento, as it does generally of Mr. F.'s compositions. With little apparent labour, this author is particularly successful in producing considerable effect. Hence it is natural, that his works should have attained that degree of public esteem in which they are held. In the present instance, we are carried with agreeable ease through an andantino in C, a minuetto *ballabile* in F, and a walz movement in C. Profundity of ideas was not the author's aim in any of them; we therefore meet with just enough of modulation for the *chiaroscuro* in harmony: the bass, too, is any thing but overcharged with notes. This general simplicity, consequently, renders the divertimento accessible to moderate proficients on the piano-forte, and on the harp likewise. Both instruments, however, have their share of alternate melody assigned to them, so that neither can be dispensed with in the performance.

"Her Eyes the Glow-Worm lend thee," a Glee for four Voices; the Poetry by Herrick, the Music composed by W. Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 2s.

The beginning of this glee is not unsimilar to that of Beethoven's charming air, "*Know'st thou the land*," &c.; but it immediately deviates into a different cast of melody, which attracts the ear by its fanciful *naïveté*, well suited to the text. The harmonic arrangement of the parts is very creditable; and the slow portion, *p.* 3, so perfectly analogous to the poetry, is particularly happy; and its transition to C sharp, at the pause, well and aptly brought in.

A second Concerto, performed at the Oratorios, Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, by Mr. Henry Horn, for the Harp, with Accompaniments for two Violins, two Hautboys, Tenor, Bass, and two French Horns, composed, and dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Montgomery, by John Baptiste Mayer. Price, with Accompaniments, 10s. 6d.; without, 8s.

The perusal of this concerto (which consists of three extended movements—an allegro in E b, an andante in B b, and a rondo in E b,) has given us much satisfaction. It not only bears ample evidence of Mr. M.'s abilities as a harp-composer, but also carries every where the marks of matured labour and diligence. The innumerable solo-passages are devised with good taste, and, not unfrequently, in a novel style. In his modulations, too, Mr. M. more than once, has successfully aimed at originality (*pp.* 8 and 9). In the latter page, towards the end, we observe also a set of well contrived responsive imitations. The theme of the andante possesses much pleasing simplicity, although, in one or two instances, the accompaniment of the left hand appears susceptible of improvement, even taking into account the support of the other instruments. The portion of variation merits unqualified approbation. With the elegant pastoral subject of the rondo, it is impossible not to be pleased, especially under the chaste accompaniment of the left hand, the tenths and

ninths of which infuse a peculiarly attractive effect into the melody. We must pass over a variety of interesting ideas from want of room: *p.* 20, we find the theme well conducted to and represented in the key of A b. But the musical curiosities of the enharmonic triplets, *ll.* 3, 4, we would not recommend for imitation, were they ever so practicable; which, however, is not the case, except on an instrument of Mr. Erard's ingenious and excellent invention.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

GERMAN WAR.

As the greatest part of our last narrative of the occurrences in Germany, rested, from necessity, on the obscure and spurious authority of French accounts, we deem it a duty we owe to historical truth, to amend, in the first instance, several imperfections in our former statement. This we are enabled to do by the arrival of a multiplicity of authentic documents received from Lord Cathcart and Sir Charles Stewart, as also by an abundance of official bulletins from all the Continental belligerents.

UPPER ELBE—BOHEMIAN ARMY.

The loss of the allies in the abortive attack on Dresden (26th Aug.), amounted to 4000 killed and wounded. On the next day, when they were in their turn assailed by Bonaparte, they lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, about 7000 men. But their greatest misfortune on that day was, the mortal wound which General Moreau received while in conversation with the Emperor Alexander. A cannon-ball carried away both his legs. These were successively amputated: he supported the operation and his subsequent sufferings with the fortitude of a great mind, and every appearance warranted the hope of a cure; but on the 2d of September an alarming change took place, in consequence, as it is stated, of over exertion in a conversation with the allied generals; and on the 3d, at six in the morning, this illustrious French patriot expired at Laun, in Bohemia. His body is to be conveyed, embalmed, to St. Petersburg; and his widow, now in England, has, in a letter from the Emperor Alexander himself, received the most kind and solemn assurances of the especial protection of that beneficent and magnanimous sovereign.

The disaster which befel the French corps under Vandamme on the 30th August, was infinitely greater than we had stated it. Vandamme, it appears, would have succeeded in intercepting the retreat of a great part of the allied army, had not the Russian general, Count Ostermann, with about 10,000 men of the Russian guards and other infantry, bidden defiance, on the 29th, to the unceasing attacks of upwards of 30,000 Frenchmen. With the loss of 3000 men did these brave troops maintain their important post during the whole day, and thereby not only save the best part of the allied army, but give time to concert the arrival of troops from all sides, so as to inflict the

fatal blow the next day, when Vandamme's corps, the 1st, may be said to have been destroyed.—Himself, together with Generals Guyot, Haxo, and Heimbrodt, all his staff, a multitude of other officers of rank, and 10,000 men, were taken prisoners. General Prince Reuss and about 6000 French were killed, 60 pieces of cannon and six pair of colours were taken in the first instance, and 20 more cannon collected in the pursuit the next day.

Since this victory nothing decisive has, as far as our accounts extend, taken place on the side of Dresden. To have maintained himself in that city thus far, is now the poor boast of the once irresistible and overwhelming Bonaparte. The plan of the allies on the Bohemian frontier appears to be to defer serious offensive operations until the Swedish Crown Prince has passed the Elbe. Meanwhile they have not left Napoleon undisturbed in his tenure of the Saxon capital. Twice have they sallied in force from the Bohemian mountains, to bait, as it were, the lion in his den. The first movement commenced on the 5th September; they forced their way through Gieshübel and Pirna, as far as Dohna, within a few miles of Dresden; but, on the 8th, when they found that Bonaparte came out with his whole army, they retreated in good order to their former positions. Napoleon followed their steps into the mountains, and appeared desirous of giving battle: an Austrian column, therefore, which had been detached towards Lusatia, was hastily called back, and the coalesced forces, formed in position, challenged the combat (12th Sept.); but Bonaparte, on finding his opponents in such good countenance, with a front of 100,000 bayonets and 800 cannon, retraced his steps and broke up the roads. The allies, in their turn, now followed him through the passes, and once more entered Saxony as far as Gieshübel. There Napoleon, reinforced by some divisions from Macdonald and Ney's armies, again faced about: the allies once more fell back into their mountains; a partial, but severe action ensued at Nollendorff (17th Sept.), the success of which forced Bonaparte to give up all future thoughts of penetrating into Bohemia. This affair at Nollendorff cost the French, besides killed and wounded, 2000 prisoners, including Gen. Kreutzer, seven cannon, and one standard.

While these serious demonstrations occurred in the immediate vicinity of Dresden, several allied partisan corps, under General Thielmann, General Schlutberg, and Colonel Mentzdorff, simultaneously entered Saxony in various directions. They spread themselves without opposition over the whole country, quite across the only communication left to Bonaparte with France, intercepted all his couriers and many convoys, took Naumburg and Weissenfels, where Thielmann captured 1500 prisoners, and Freyberg, where General Bruno with a garrison of 600 was taken, and seized the royal stud of the King of Saxony. General Thielmann finally put himself in junction with the light troops which the Crown Prince of Sweden had already pushed across the Elbe, near Dessau, and the latest

French accounts do not inform us of the departure of any of these partisan corps from the left bank of the Elbe. The letters which they have intercepted give a deplorable description of the situation of the disheartened French troops. Want and disease are operating their destruction as much as the sword. At Dresden provisions have begun to fail, and the incessant marches and counter-marches Bonaparte has been forced to undertake, with generally the same troops, in order to make head alternately on one side or the other, have disabled a great proportion of his raw conscripts. Berthier himself lies ill of a fever. To replenish his ranks, Bonaparte's guards of honour have been incorporated with the disposable forces, and the army of reserve, which had begun to form itself at Wurzburg, under Augereau, has been suddenly marched up to the Saal.

SILESIAN ARMY.

The above appellation, thanks to the energetic Blucher, has become a misnomer. Blucher has the Silesian frontier far behind him; his head-quarters were at Bautzen on the 22d September, and his advanced posts within a few leagues of Dresden. The battle of the Katzbach (26th August), slightly mentioned in our last, has been an irretrievably fatal blow to the army of Marshal Macdonald. By that battle, and still more in the subsequent retreat, especially across the Bober [where a whole French division, with its general (Puthod), was put to the alternative of being taken or drowned], Macdonald's army has nearly been destroyed. As an army it ceases to exist. On the 2d of Sept. when Blucher entered Lusatia, the tangible fruits of his valour were, according to official returns, 103 cannon, 250 ammunition-waggons and tumbrils, all the French camp hospitals, their forges and bakery, one general of division, two generals of brigade, a vast number of officers of rank, 18,000 prisoners, two French eagles, and many other less important trophies. That after such a tremendous loss, Macdonald could no longer oppose the victorious Silesian army, is natural. To arrest Blucher's progress, Bonaparte once or twice brought out troops from his central store at Dresden: but these, even when greatly superior to their opponents, effected nothing beyond a momentary suspension of hostile advance. The cautious veteran, whenever he deemed himself outnumbered, fell back a march or two, well aware, that the threatened situation of Dresden would not admit of the absence of Napoleon and his guards for many days. Thus the moment Bonaparte retired, Blucher advanced again, and thus he gradually and continually gained ground, so as to arrive at last at Bautzen, where our latest accounts leave him; his right in complete junction with the Prussian left wing of the Swedish Crown Prince, under General Tauenzien; and his left, with the right wing of the grand Bohemian army, which, for that purpose, had been extended across the Bohemian Elbe, and pushed eastward, under the command of the Austrian Count Bubna, who, after forcing the Bohemian passes and taking Rumburg by assault, had penetrated into Lusatia. Independently of this ac-

cession of an Austrian corps, a Russian army of reserve, under General Bennigsen, has likewise reached Zittau, in Lusatia.

BRANDENBURG ARMY UNDER THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN.

Marshal Oudinot, in consequence of the severe check he experienced at Gross Beren (23d August), and still more in consequence of the knowledge, derived from that contest, of his opponent's moral and numerical superiority, continued his retreat upon Wittenberg and Torgau, closely pursued by the Crown Prince's army, which, without much opposition, advanced to the Elbe, and blockaded Wittenberg. The Crown Prince deeming his left wing, composed of 40,000 Prussians, sufficient to observe the movements of Oudinot's dispirited army, extended it in the direction of Jüterbock; and himself, with all his Swedes, and his Russian infantry and cavalry, moved to the right, down the Elbe, with a view of crossing that river between Wittenberg and Dessau.

Bonaparte had, in his bulletins, presumptuously foretold the day on which Oudinot would arrive in Berlin. Falsified in this prediction, it appears that the blame of the failure was by him cast upon his marshal. Oudinot was divested of his command, and Ney substituted in his room; with positive orders to force his way to Berlin, and with the reinforcement of an additional entire corps, to enable him to carry the peremptory mandate into execution. This new disposition the Crown Prince was not aware of when he separated his Swedish army from the 40,000 Prussians for the purpose above-mentioned.

Accordingly, on the 4th Sept. Ney's army, consisting of the four corps of Oudinot, Regnier, Arrighi, and Bertrand, resumed the offensive; and its advanced guard attacked, on the same day, the Prussian advance under General Dobschütz, near the village of Zahne, with great obstinacy. Dobschütz, however, by the valour of his troops, was enabled to maintain his post during the whole day. But the next day the French renewed the attack with great numerical superiority, and forced the Prussian general from Zahne, and Tauenzien from Seyda. The whole Prussian army now fell back in good order upon a position at Dennewitz, near Juterbock, where, on the 6th September, they were attacked at all points by the whole French army of at least 70,000 men and 200 pieces of cannon. Against these odds, however, the 40,000 Prussians made a determined stand. Not an inch of ground did they cede, although their ranks were dreadfully thinned by the enemy's fire.

As soon as the Crown Prince was informed of the danger to which his brave Prussians were exposed, he instantly broke up with his Swedes and Russians, to the amount of 70 battalions of foot, 10,000 horse, and 150 pieces of cannon, and hastened to their relief by a forced march. He appeared seasonably in the afternoon of the same day (6th), with his whole force on the flank and partly on the rear of the enemy, and in one instant changed the aspect of the battle. The Swedish and Russian infantry

fell upon the French battalions, broke them, and put them to flight, while the allied cavalry completed the rout. Whole battalions were cut down or forced to beg for quarter. The direct road to Torgau was cut off for them; every one fled whither he could. Ney himself, with his head-quarters and staff, saved himself by striking through a cross road to Dahme, where he had nearly been captured by the enterprising Prussian General Wobeser, who, having broken up from Luckau, arrived on the 7th at Dahme, not, indeed, in time to take Ney himself (he was now as nimble as on the Berezyna), but time enough to take part of his staff and 2,500 men prisoners. Generals Hirschfeldt and Czernicheff, and other allied chiefs, continued the hunt on the 7th, and brought in prisoners and trophies from every place they entered; so that, on the 8th September, in the morning, the enemy's loss amounted to 18,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners; 80 cannon, and 400 ammunition-waggons. But in the succeeding days these totals were still more increased. Sir Charles Stewart (whose dispatches on all occasions are distinguished by their truth and luminous precision) affirms, that of the whole force engaged under Ney, only 16,000 escaped unhurt! Ney himself, in a groaning dispatch, states his loss at 8000 men and 12 cannon; adding, ludicrously enough, that he had taken many prisoners, *but that they disappeared in the night*.

Of the 10,000 prisoners taken at Dennewitz, all the Saxons wished to enter the ranks of the liberators of Germany; and their number has been made the nucleus of a Saxon legion in the service of the allies.

Marmont, who had previously been dispatched in further aid of Ney's operations, arrived on the 8th at Hoyerswerda, where he not only learned the misfortune of his brethren in arms, but partook of them; inasmuch as he was involved in the common retreat, and his rear-guard severely handled, ere he could make good his hasty return to Dresden, whence he had marched a few days before.

To repel, in some measure, the boldness of the allied cavalry, which had overrun the country beyond the Elster, Bonaparte next sent ten regiments of horse, under Murat and Latour-Maubourg, to Grossenhayn; but we have heard nothing of any achievements of theirs, and believe they have returned.

After the decisive victory of Dennewitz, the Crown Prince appears to have once more resorted to his former plan of crossing the Elbe in the vicinity of Dessau. Accordingly, the Prussian part of his army was again left to continue the operations southward, while the Crown Prince, with the Swedes and Russians, marched down the Elbe. On the 22d September, the date of the last Swedish bulletin in our possession, the Prussian corps was posted at and about Elsterwerda, with its left, under Tauenzien, connected with Blucher; General Bulow was charged with the siege of Wittenberg; and the Crown Prince's head-quarters had moved down to Zerbst. His advanced guard had already crossed the Elbe, and was in possession of Dessau

and Acken. Ney had likewise transferred his head-quarters to the left bank of the Elbe, and was centrically posted at Duben. Some French bulletins of a later date notice several subsequent affairs in that quarter, which we purposely pass over, since by the arrival of the allied accounts our correcting pen would in our next probably have to walk the same ground over again.

LOWER ELBE.

Davoust's brisk movement upon Schwerin and Wismar with 18,000 French, 12,000 Danes, and 100 cannon, has likewise ended in as brisk a retreat. From Wismar a French corps advanced towards Rostock, but General Vegesach marched out of that city on the 28th August, forced the French corps to fall back on Wismar in the first instance, then to evacuate Wismar likewise, and retire upon Schwerin. At the same time General Walmoden, being considerably reinforced, resumed offensive operations, and was on the point of attacking the French advance under General Loison, when, to his great surprise, he learned that the French army had, in the night of the 2d September, suddenly evacuated Schwerin, and hastily retreated towards the Stekenitz. Upon this, General Walmoden marched in a parallel direction towards the Elbe, harassed Davoust's retreat, and arrived at Domitz, where he crossed that river on the 14th. Having there learned that a French corps of 5 or 6000 men, under General Pecheux, had already likewise been detached to the left of the Elbe, and had advanced as far as Görde, he made very judicious dispositions for surrounding the enemy. On the 16th, he attacked Pecheux at Görde, who retired upon Dahlenberg. There the French general met with two more allied columns advancing on his flank and rear, and the contest now became extremely obstinate. All the desperate valour of the encircled foe, however, did not avail to save him. Nearly 2000 were killed and wounded, 1500 taken prisoners, 8 cannon and 12 ammunition-waggons captured. General Pecheux himself, with 5 or 600 men only (or as Davoust expresses himself, "with all that were not put *hors de combat*"), saved himself by flying on foot to Hamburg. The loss of the allies was about 500 killed and wounded.

After this brilliant exploit, Count Walmoden recrossed the Elbe the next day, in order to observe the movements of Davoust himself, whose situation at Hamburg is nearly as critical as that of Bonaparte at Dresden. The Danish corps, if it have not quite separated from him, appears at least no longer to act with him; General Walmoden intercepts him from Magdeburg, and the allied flying corps that are still spread over the Hanoverian territory as far as Lüneburg, Zelle, and even to the vicinity of Harburg, render his communication with Bremen extremely precarious.

SOUTH OF GERMANY.

Nothing of importance has occurred on the Bavarian frontiers. But in the Tyrol, the French accounts themselves confess the existence of insurrectionary movements. A second Hoffer, of the name of Speckbacher, infests the neighbourhood of Inspruck with a

band of these patriotic mountaineers. As it does not appear that Austria has hitherto given great countenance to the insurrection of the Tyrolese, and as the Austrian and Bavarian armies on the Ens, although almost within sight of each other, have not, to our knowledge, fired a shot, we suspect that the same sort of preliminary understanding subsists between them which last winter prevailed between the Russians and the Austrian corps under Prince Schwartzenberg.

Of the operations in Illyria we are almost fearful to treat, so unsatisfactory and confused are the accounts on both sides. If we may credit the French account, an engagement took place near Lipa on the 13th September, which obliged General Nugent again to evacuate Fiume so suddenly, that the Archduke Maximilian was under the necessity of seeking safety on board the English fleet of Admiral Freemantle. We doubt the correctness of this statement, and hope by the arrival of more credible intelligence to be enabled to speak, in our next report, with more precision of the events in Illyria, should their complexion appear more important than what we have hitherto judged them to be.

Having thus far briefly glanced over the important occurrences of the colossal contest in Germany, we cannot suppress the cheerful feelings which their aspect inspires us with. For the first time, we see Bonaparte reduced to a defensive warfare; a careful computation of his losses in one short month since the rupture of the armistice, yields a total of 250 pieces of cannon and 100,000 men. He is now nearly encircled at Dresden, he is undone if he remains there much longer; and, on the other hand, if he leaves that city to retreat towards the Rhine, Germany is lost to him, the confederation of the Rhine is not only blotted out from the muster of his strength, but will be added to the patriotic and victorious banners of the allies, who, with every forward step, gain an immense accession of numbers, not of raw conscripts, but of stout warriors, ready drilled for the patriotic cause. Napoleon's situation is almost hopeless, he feels his danger, and, like a desperate gamester, he stakes every thing to retrieve his fallen fortune. A fresh conscription, the *fourth* within eight months, has been demanded from his mock senate, and granted of course. The ill-fated Maria Louisa has been dragged to this assembly of sycophants (7th October), to rouse the dejected French and call them to arms, in order to march against her own father and countrymen. "Frenchmen! your emperor, your country, and your honour call you!" were the cruel words put into her mouth by her tutors; and, lo! by a race against time, the year 1815 is put in requisition to complete a new levy of 280,000 men. Vain attempt, to stem the overwhelming torrent of German patriotism!—Great events which have, perhaps, before this taken place, or must inevitably happen immediately, will probably shorten the march of this new levy by some hundreds of miles.

SPANISH PENINSULA.

FRANCE! we should say: for on French soil, on the ancient and legitimate soil of France, flutter

the victorious banners of the nation of "shopkeepers." Little did the arrogant Corsican, when, in his impotent rage, he upbraided us with that epithet, suspect that we should dare to *open shop* even in France. But to the event itself.

The castle of St. Sebastian, La Motte, did, as we stated, surrender to General Graham on the 9th of September. Its governor, Rey, 80 officers, 1756 men, and 93 cannon, are in British keep.

Pampluna, still only blockaded, is expected to surrender soon, from want of provisions. Of several sorties undertaken by its garrison, that on the 27th September proved the most serious, but was, like the others, repelled with great courage by the Andalusian army. That army has since joined the active force under Lord Wellington, having been relieved in the blockade by the army under the Duke del Parque, which for that purpose was withdrawn from Catalonia, and marched up the Ebro.

The operations which, by carrying the line of French entrenchments, brought our army into France on the 7th of October (a day ever memorable in the history of Great Britain), were as follow:—The left of the allied army under General Graham (who, as soon as he had finished this operation, resigned the command, from ill health, to Sir John Hope), consisting of the 1st and 5th divisions and one Portuguese brigade, as also of part of the 4th Spanish army under Don Manuel Freyre, crossed the Bidassoa at several fords on the above-mentioned day, attacked the enemy's redoubts about Andaye and on the Montagne Verte, carried all of them in succession, generally by the bayonet, and took eight pieces of cannon. At the same time our right, consisting of the light division and some brigades of Spanish troops under General Longa and Giron, attacked the French entrenchments on the mountain of La Rhune. These were in like manner conquered by the bayonet, and it was only in the further progress against the French camp of Sarre, and the works on a mountain called the Hermitage which protected the camp, that the valour of our troops was defied by the inaccessible nature of the rock. All the assaults of that day failed. But the next day (8th), Lord Wellington was enabled, by the dispersion of a thick fog, to ascertain more favourable points of attack. The Hermitage was now carried, and so would the camp of Sarre have been had not night supervened. The enemy, however, finding the camp no longer tenable, retired in the night. In these assaults of our right three pieces of cannon were gained. Lord Wellington not only does ample justice to the valour of the British troops, but expresses himself in the highest terms of admiration at the determined courage and excellent order with which the several Spanish divisions executed their share of the operations, and amply gives his valuable praise to the skill of the Spanish generals and officers. The price we paid for this first footing in France is not exorbitant.

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.	
	Offrs.	*Men.*	*Offrs.*	*Men.*	*Offrs.*	*Men.*
British . .	4	75	40	455	0	5
Portuguese	5	43	11	168	0	8
Total .	9	118	51	623	0	13

	Officers.	Men.
Total British and Portuguese, *hors de combat*	60	754
Spaniards estimated do.	—	750

Forming an aggregate loss of 1564 men and officers. It is said, that in this defeat the French were commanded by Suchet, who had been called from Catalonia, to replace Soult, whom report states to have gone to join Bonaparte in Germany. Other accounts mention Soult as being at the time employed in forming an army of reserve in the south of France.

In Catalonia, the Anglo-Sicilian army has yet to gather its first laurels. After the repulse it met with near Tarragona, detailed in our last, Lord William Bentinck resumed the advance again as soon as Suchet had turned his back, established himself at Villa Franca, and pushed his advanced guard to the Col d'Ordal. This post was attacked, or rather surprised, by Suchet on the 13th September, with a very superior force. Our troops and the Spaniards made, for several hours, the most gallant resistance ; but being overpowered by numbers, were finally forced to give way and disperse, with the loss of four cannon and 150 men, or, as Suchet states, 3500. On the 14th, Lord William deemed it advisable to make a general retrograde movement upon Vendrills, and from thence to the neighbourhood of Tarragona ; but Suchet, in like manner, retired after his success to the Llobregat, whence he had come. Our army continued near Tarragona on the 3d of October, its command being assumed by Lieutenant-General Clinton ; Lord Wm. Bentinck having, on the 22d Sept. embarked for Sicily, owing to the unsettled and turbulent state of affairs in that island, which required his personal interference and authority.

Strong symptoms of pestilential fever manifested themselves at Gibraltar early in September, although the cases of infection have not hitherto proved numerous. At Cadiz, too, some similar cases have spread such alarm as to agitate the question of the expediency of the government of Spain being removed from that city. In Malta the plague had, according to the latest intelligence, considerably subsided.

UNITED STATES.

The war on the Canadian frontier, furnishes no decisive event. On the 31st July, a small flotilla of Americans landed at York-town, where some stores of our's were plundered or destroyed, and even private property not respected by the enemy. A few days after (8th Aug.), the American Ontario fleet, under Commodore Chauncey, was met by our fleet on that lake under Sir James Yeo : a series of manœuvres succeeded during that and the two following days, in which each commander was trying to cut off part of his opponent's force. In these endeavours, two American schooners, in tacking to avoid the English, were upset and lost ; and on the 10th, at night, two others were cut off from the main body, one of them captured, and the other sunk. This loss damped Chauncey's previous eagerness for battle, and induced him to retire

to Sackett's harbour; whence, by the latest accounts, he was stated to be on the point of once more sallying out in search of the British fleet.

In another quarter, Sir George Provost sent, by way of diversion, an expedition against the American shores of Lake Champlain. On the 2d of August it landed at Plattsburg, where it destroyed a depôt of military stores, burnt the barracks for 4500 men, and then proceeded to several other settlements, which met the same fate.

The principal American army is still closely hemmed in at Fort George, and should our fleet on the Ontario gain the ascendancy on the lake, it stands in evident danger of being forced to surrender to our army.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Parliament will meet on the 4th November. This early convocation of the legislature has been thought necessary, in order, as is reported, to submit further subsidiary conventions with some Continental powers, to devise an arrangement for defraying the Continental subsidies without encroaching sensibly on the present revenue of the empire, and to increase considerably the strength of our military force.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 33.—MORNING DRESS.

A FINE cambric or jaconot muslin round robe, a walking length, with round bosom, a demi height; long sleeves, and shirt, with deep fan frill of vandyke lace: the dress ornamented at the bottom, to correspond. A spencer of Peruvian green velvet or satin, with Spanish slashed sleeves, and deep cuffs of vandyke lace, to correspond with the frill of the shirt, which rises above the spencer, confined at the throat with a pearl or other suitable broach, from which are suspended tassels and cord. The spencer appears unconfined in front, and is lined with white satin, decorated with small cord and buttons. The hair disposed *à la Madona*, flowing in loose curls on the crown of the head, a small sprig of barberry in front. The Swedish slouch hat is worn with this dress in the out-door costume: it is composed of the same material as the spencer, lined with white satin, and ornamented with a curled ostrich feather. Half-boots of velvet, or kid, the colour of the spencer. Gloves, a pale lemon colour.

PLATE 34.—EVENING DRESS.

A round robe of blossom-coloured crape, with demi train, worn over a white satin slip, gathered frock back, and stomacher front; the sleeve unusually short, and back and bosom uncommonly (not to say unbecomingly) exposed. The sleeves and neck of the robe ornamented with puckered white satin, and a fancy border round the bottom, composed of white satin and crape, the same as the dress; belt of the same round the bottom of the waist, confined with a pearl, or other appropriate clasp, in front. The hair in irregular curls, divided in front, and confined on the crown of the head with white beads, and

MORNING DRESS.

EVENING DRESS.

blended with small autumnal flowers of various hues. Necklace, a single row of pearl, or the satin bead; a small elastic chain of Oriental gold, from which is suspended a large convent cross of diamonds. Ear-rings and bracelets of pearl, with diamond studs. French kid gloves, below the elbow. Slippers of white satin, decorated round the instep with silver fringe. Indian fan, of carved ivory.

MEDICAL REPORT.

An account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of Sept. to the 15th of October, 1813.

Acute Diseases.—Fever, 2..Scarlet fever and sore-throat, 4....Inflammatory sore-throat, 2...Hooping-cough, 4....Erysipelas, 2....Catarrh, 9....Acute rheumatism, 6....Phrenitis, 2...Peripneumony, 1....Acute diseases of infants, 8.

Chronic Diseases.—Asthenia, 7...Paralysis, 2.....Tabes, 1.....Cough and dyspnœa, 15....Consumption, 3...Rheumatism, 5...Lumbago, 3...Dyspepsia, 6...Gastrodinia, 4...Colic, 1...Hœmorrhage, 3...Head-ach, 2..Dysure, 2..Diarrhœa, 5..Worms, 2....Dropsy, 3.....Cutaneous affections, 4...Female complaints, 5.

The weather of late has been remarkably wet, and considerable changes of temperature have been experienced. In the mean time inflammatory complaints have increased. Scarlet fever and hooping-cough have occurred very frequently, and with great severity. In general, scarlatina is a mild disease, and goes through its course without any dangerous symptoms: when the throat is also affected, the complaint becomes more serious, and when accompanied with ulceration, it sometimes assumes the most malignant character. This occurred in three of the cases now recorded. In one, an infant, the physician was not called in till a few hours before death, when the child was totally incapable of swallowing, and the mouth and lips thickly coated with a black and offensive sordes. The brother of this poor infant, aged fourteen, was soon afterwards attacked with the complaint: he had not long recovered from a fever, and was still extremely weak. As the scarlet fever in the beginning did not appear violent, and the throat not very sore, it was treated with the usual evacuants and saline draughts. The complaint, however, shortly assuming a worse character, bark, acids, and occasional opiates were administered, as freely as they could be taken, and proved decidedly beneficial. The patient is now convalescent. Nearly the same symptoms occurred in another of the cases, a young man about 22. I did not see him in the commencement of the disorder, but had no hesitation, from the livid state of the tonsils, the thick brown fur of the tongue, and the sinking condition of the subject, nearly exhausted and insensible, to give bark and sulphuric acid, as freely as he could be made to swallow, which was accomplished with pain and difficulty. Porter was refreshing to him; and he recovered under very unpromising circumstances.

It has been very common of late years to treat scarlet fever and sore-throat upon a strictly antiphlogistic plan; and much success has attended it. But this is doubtless more owing to the mildness of the disorder, than to the efficacy of the treatment. In most instances, sponging the surface of the body, whilst hot, with vinegar and water, drinking freely of any cool aqueous beverage, and keeping the bowels in a proper state, will suffice; but this should never deceive our caution, nor prevent a most strict attention to the condition of the tonsils, and the general appearance of the patient; for where the throat is affected, the change in this disease, from a favourable to a malignant state, is not unfrequent. Hence the danger of using the lancet, or too strictly enforcing the depleting plan.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE dry weather in the early part of last month, impeded the wheat-sowing upon clover lay, and bean and pea eshes; but the fallows have worked most kindly, the soil having a good time, according to the farmer's phrase, to settle. The new wheats yield abundantly, even on those soils that were slightly touched by the mildew; these wheats are small and steelly, but yield an average crop.

Barley is not so fine and bright in quality as was expected, but in yield abundant, more than an average crop.

Oats are small in size, but yield to the acre a full average crop.

Beans, peas, and the whole of the pod tribe, are of fine quality, and yield more than for several years past: they have received less injury from the maggot than is customary.

The soiling crops, such as rye, tares, winter barley, &c. have the most promising appearance.

Turnips, in the southern counties, have suffered considerably from the drought, particularly the early sown. The late crops are in a high state of verdure, and promise to grow late if the frosts keep off.

Threshing must take place earlier this winter, for the straw, in consequence of the scarcity of lattermath.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

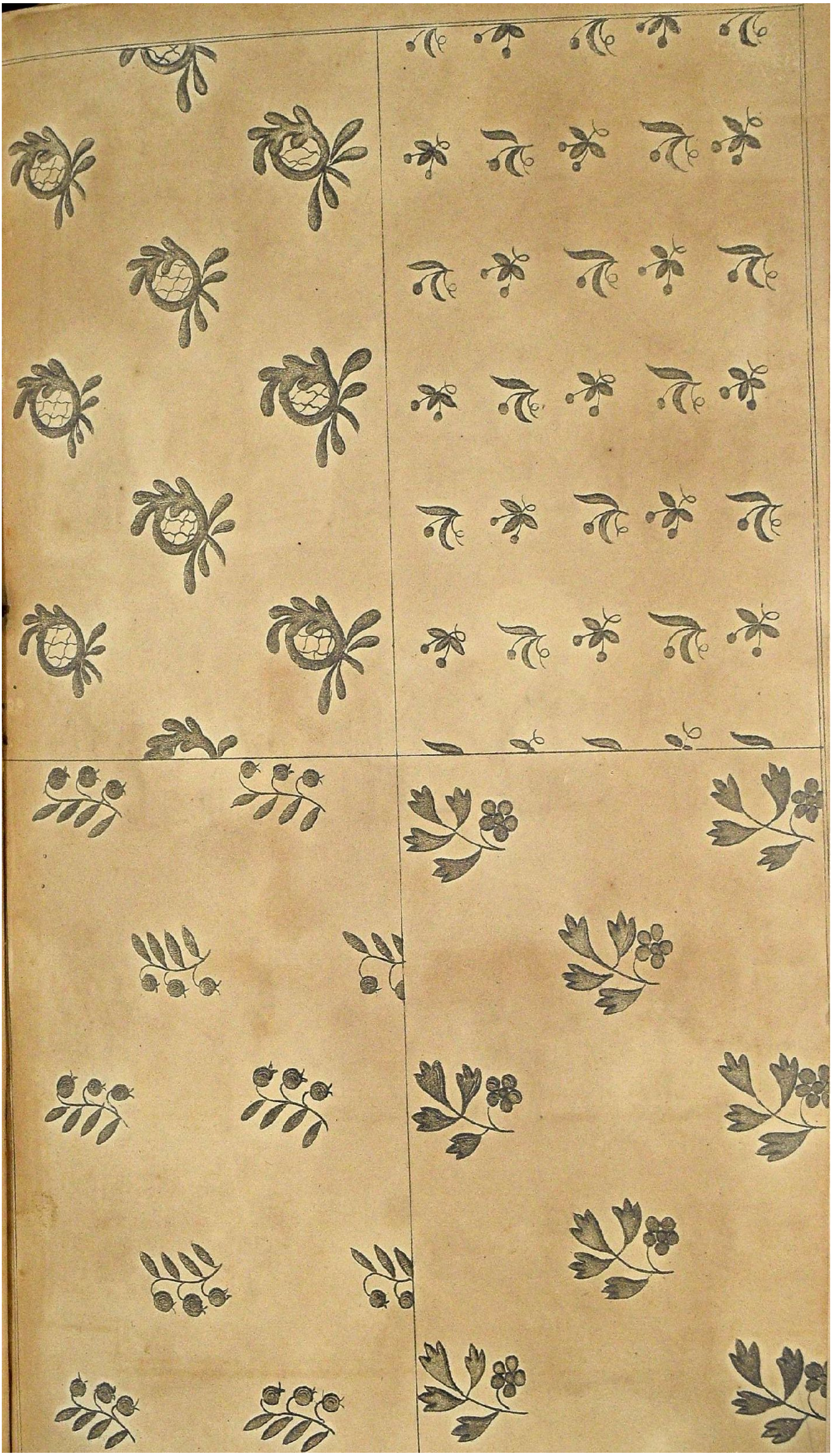
NO. 1 is an animated and lively sample of the true Circassian cloth, beautifully coloured, and similar in effect to that worn by those formerly celebrated and graceful people, whose natural symmetry and dignity of deportment are acknowledged not to be surpassed by any other nation. This article of seasonable introduction is admirably adapted, both for dresses of various descriptions, and also for the coat *à la surtout*. It is nearly two yards wide, extremely light and adhesive, and, like the Chinese crape, falls in graceful folds with the move-

The Repository

Of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics.

Manufacturers, Factors, and Dealers in Fancy Goods, that come within the scope of this Plan, are requested to send Patterns of such new Articles, as they come out; and if the requisites of Novelty, Fashion, and Elegance, are united, the quantity necessary for this Magazine will be ordered.

R. Ackermann, 101, *Strand, London.*



ments of the figure. It is to be procured at the celebrated East India warehouse of Millard & Co. 16, Cheapside.

No. 2 is a specimen of the new patent twine cloth, for sheeting, yard and half wide; possessing those rarely united qualities of great delicacy, economy, and conduciveness to health. It is equal in appearance to the fine Holland, yet without the chilly properties of the latter, whilst it is obtained at one half the expence. The mathematical principle on which it is manufactured, renders it at once durable and delicate. The apparatus and machinery are of great extent, and extremely curious, being worked by steam. It is sold at Millard's, as above, and at no other house, in pieces of two pair each.

No. 3, a Manchester muslin, composed of cotton and silk, and of tastefully contrasted colours. It is equally adapted to the domestic or evening costume, distinguished only by its construction and its trimmings. It is sold by T and I. Smith, Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden, at 2s. 6d. per yard, silk width.

No. 4 is a silk chequered shawl pattern for gentlemen's waistcoats, and is sold by Messrs. Kestevens and Co. York-st. Covent-Garden.

Poetry.

THE BIRTH OF THE BUTTERFLY.

The shades of night were scarcely fled,
The air was mild, the winds were still;
And slow the slanting sun-beams spread
O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill:

From fleecy clouds of pearly hue,
Had dropt a short, but balmy shower,
That hung, like gems of morning dew,
On ev'ry tree, on ev'ry flower:

And from the blackbird's mellow throat
Was pour'd so long and loud a swell,
As echoed, with responsive note,
From mountain side and shadowy dell:

When bursting forth to life and light,
The offspring of enraptur'd *May*,
The Butterfly, on pinions bright,
Launch'd in full splendour on the day.

Unconscious of a mother's care,
No infant wretchedness she knew;
But as she felt the vernal air,
At once to full perfection grew.

Her slender form, etherial light,
Her velvet-textur'd wings unfold,
With all the rainbow's colours bright,
And dropt with spots of burnish'd gold.

Trembling awile, with joy she stood,
And felt the sun's enliv'ning ray,
Drank from the skies the vital flood,
And wonder'd at her plumage gay;

And balanc'd oft her broider'd wings,
Thro' fields of air prepar'd to sail;
Then on her vent'rous journey springs,
And floats along the rising gale.

Go, child of pleasure, range the fields—
Taste all the joys that Spring can give—
Partake what bounteous Summer yields,
And live, while yet 'tis thine to live.

Go sip the rose's fragrant dew—
The lily's honeyed cup explore—
From flower to flower the search renew,
And rifle all the woodbine's store:

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,
Thy moments too of short repose;
And mark thee, when, with fresh delights,
Thy golden pinions ope and close.

But, hark! while thus I musing stand,
Pours on the gale an airy note,
And breathing from a viewless band,
Soft silvery tones around me float.

They cease—but still a voice I hear,
A whisper'd voice of hope and joy:—
" Thy hour of rest approaches near—
" Prepare thee, mortal! thou must die!

" Yet, start not! on thy closing eyes
" Another day shall still unfold,
" A sun of milder radiance rise,
" A happier age of joys untold.

" Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight,
" The humblest form in Nature's train,
" Thus rise in new-born lustre bright,
" And yet the emblem teach in vain?

" Ah! where were once her golden eyes,
" Her glittering wings of purple pride?
" Concealed beneath a rude disguise,
" A shapeless mass, to earth allied.

" Like thee the hapless reptile liv'd,
" Like thee she toil'd, like thee she spun;
" Like thine, her closing hour arriv'd,
" Her labours ceas'd, her web was done.

" And shalt thou, number'd with the dead,
" No happier state of being know?
" And shall no future morrow shed
" On thee a beam of brighter glow.

" Is this the bound of power divine,
" To animate an insect frame?
" Or shall not he who moulded thine,
" Wake at his will the vital frame?

" Go, mortal! in thy reptile state,
" Enough to know to thee is given;
" Go! and the joyful truth relate,
" Frail child of earth, high heir of heaven."

THE KISS.

By J. M. Lacey.

'Twas wrong, 'twas very wrong, I own;
And doubtless, dear one, 'twas alarming;
But like a radiant sun you shone,
And look'd, my love, so very charming:

Such beauty swam in either eye,
'Twas vain to hope I could resist you;
Your lip to mine was *some how* nigh,
And so, dear, tempting girl, I kiss'd you!

But, oh! 'twas wrong, I do confess;
And now I mourn my sweet sad error;
To wound *thy* soul, mild loveliness!
Fills *mine* with grief, with shame and terror!

But, be advis'd by me, sweet maid!
Keep from my sight thy charms so winning;
Or very much I am afraid,
My lips once more may yield to sinning!

FEMALE CELIBACY;

OR,

THE GRAVE OF CYNTHIA.

Where youthful circles make resort,
Nightly to flaunt in trim array;
Where meet in Fashion's airy court,
The light, the giddy, and the gay,
I would not seek
To wet one cheek
With gentle Pity's holy dew:
Why shade with clouds a summer's sky?
Why dim the lustre of an eye
Which sorrow never knew?

But lives there one whose feeling breast
Those festive scenes can bear to leave,
To wander where the weary rest,
And feel how sweet it is to grieve?
If such there be,
O! come with me,
And view poor Cynthia's lowly bed:
'Tis yonder little fresh green sod,
Where seldom mourner's foot hath trod,
Or pious tear been shed.

O Time! I would not blame thy power,
For Cynthia's youth and beauty flown;
I mourn that but so sweet a flower
Should bloom and wither all alone:
For she was fair
Beyond compare,
And ever was her heart so blithe,
By gay, good-humour'd mirth upborne—
O Time! she would have laugh'd to scorn
Thy very glass and scythe.

For her, soft dreams and slumbers light
Succeeded calm, unruffled days;
Each eye beamed on her with delight,
Each tongue was tuneful in her praise;
And at her feet,
With reverence meet,
A crowd of flattering suitors strove;
Some proffer'd glittering gems and gold,
And some of endless transports told,
And everlasting love.

But little could their prayers avail,
Nor one could win the maiden's choice;
She little heeded Flattery's tale,
She scorn'd the sound of Mammon's voice:
The gay attire,
Could she admire,
Of beaux that glitter'd by her side?
While every vagrant butterfly,
That frisks beneath a summer sky,
Could rival all their pride.

Yet had she seen some gentle youth,
Of manners mild, by sense refin'd,
Whose pure integrity and truth
Spoke manly dignity of mind;
And had he sued
In plaintive mood,
And sighing looked his anxious pain;
And had he dropp'd a silent tear,
The tribute of a soul sincere,—
It had not sued in vain.

What though the charms which Nature spread,
With raptur'd eye she oft survey'd;
What though, "by heavenly music led,"
She lov'd to wander through the shade;
Still from her breast,
Forlorn, distress'd,
Would sometimes break unbidden sighs,—
That she had none whose feeling heart
In all her griefs might bear a part,
And share in all her joys.

Vain was the oft repeated sigh,
For friends her youthful years had known,
Who now had owned the sacred tie
Which binds all charities in one:—
The moon's still beam
On lake or stream,
Dark woods and precipices rude,
Would then inspire sweet melancholy,
That shunn'd the world, its noise and folly,
In love with solitude.

And now her charms are fading fast,
Her spirits now no more are gay;
Alas! that beauty cannot last!
That flowers so sweet so soon decay!
How sad appears
The vale of years,
How changed from youth's too flattering scene!
Where are her fond admirers gone?—
Alas! and shall there then be none
On whom her soul may lean?

Poor Cynthia! friendless and forlorn!
When youth's gay flowers were all turned sere,
Thou yet could'st shun the world's dread scorn,
And hide thy faded beauties *here:*
But in thine end,
A more than friend
Was needed, who could watch each breath,—
Still near thy sickly couch could wait,—
Support thee on the brink of fate,
And cheer the gloom of death.

Thou who could'st mourn o'er Friendship's bier,
Why was thine own unwept to be?
Thou who could'st give to all a tear,
Why was there none to weep for thee?
Now, o'er thy grave
The wild weeds wave,
Who shall thy perish'd worth deplore?
Or say, the breast which lies beneath,
Though doomed its sighs unheard to breathe,
Was never cold before?

Adieu, poor Cynthia! though thy bier
By widow'd love has not been press'd;
What though no child, with starting tear,
Shall view thy place of holy rest;
This little mound
Shall still be found

In Spring's soft verdure first arrayed;
The snowdrop, earnest of the year,
Spotless like thee, shall flourish here,
Like thee shall early fade!

A BROKEN HEART.

Ye sons of Esculapius, tell,
(If any of you know it well,)
If a simple, or compound,
Has been found, this world around,
Of any sort, in any part,
That can cure—a *broken heart?*

Can competence give no relief?
Nor company assuage its grief?
Can change of climate, air, or place,
Give it no gleam of happiness?
Can wine and friendship not impart
Comfort to—a *broken heart?*

Can contemplation's ample field,
Nor love, nor learning pleasure yield?
Nor children's prattle? nor the sage
Advices of maturer age?
Can neither science, man, nor art
Ever mend—a *broken heart?*

Ah! no!—a broken heart like mine
Can no alleviation find—
One broken by a *bosom friend*
It is impossible to mend:
Till in death's struggles I depart,
No cure is for my—*broken heart!*

ADDRESS TO THE DAISY.

Come lift up thy head,
The winter is fled,
The frost and the snow gone away;
The lark's on the wing,
For now it is spring,
So be blithe, little Daisy, and gay.

Thou'rt the first of the year
That I've seen appear,
Since Winter resign'd his stern reign;
But soon beside thee,
Many more shall there be,
So gaily to deck the green plain.

See, the Sun in his pride,
Wooes the earth as his bride,
And ere his love-tale he has done,
She plenteously pours
Her earliest flow'rs,
Of which, modest Daisy, thou'rt one.

Since all things look bright,
And all do invite
To join in the general lay,
Though thou canst not sing
In praise of the Spring,
Yet, sweet little Daisy, look gay.

R. B.

TO *. *. ******.

The air is still, the day is gone,
I turn aside to weep;
And meet it is that I alone,
With tears, thy watch should keep.
Oh! sacred is thy mystic sleep,
And ne'er should sigh or groan
Molest thy urn, where death-flow'rs creep,
In green gloom, round the stone.

I will not sigh, that fools may hear,
I will not weep aloud;
I will not shed the dewy tear
Before the heartless crowd;—
But I will sorrow o'er thy shrowd,
Alone in death be near,
Bend o'er thee like a winter cloud,
And mourn upon thy bier.

J. H. R.

West Felton, Aug. 15, 1813.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Sep. 27 to Oct. 2.

TOTAL, 6,779 quarters.—Average, 90s. 1¾d per quarter, or 0s 6½d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from Oct. 2 to 8.

TOTAL, 15,552 sacks.—Average, 84s. 4¾d. per sack, or 4s. 8½d. per sack lower than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Oct. 9.

	s	d		s	d		s	d
Wheat	94	11	Barley	52	0	Beans	65	10
Rye -	59	4	Oats -	33	10	Pease	64	5

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	s.		s.	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	52	96	—	Tares, per bushel -	11	12	—
——red - -	48	90	—	Turnip - -	15	18	—
——foreign	50	75	—	Mustard, brown -	19	25	—
Rye - - -	40	46	—	——white	16	19	—
Barley, English	40	56	—	Canary, per qr.	90	131	—
Malt - - -	60	94	—	Hempseed -	60	70	—
Oats Feed -	16	27	—	Linseed - -	90	112	—
——Friezland	—	—	—	Clover, red, per cwt.	90	120	—
—— Poland	24	39	—	——— white	86	140	—
——Potatoe	31	42	—	——— foreign, red	72	100	—
Beans, Pigeon	54	58	—	——— white	90	140	—
——Horse -	—	—	—	Trefoil - -	4	30	—
Pease, Boiling	70	90	—	Carraway -	78	80	—
——Grey -	56	60	—	Coriander -	30	34	—
Flour per sack	85	—	—				
——Seconds	70	75	—				
——Scotch	60	70	—				

American Flour —s a —s per barrel of 196lbs.

Rapeseed, per last - - - £44 a £50 a £52.

Oil Cakes, per thousand, £18. 0s. to £0 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s		s
Muscovade, fine	94	a	98
——— good	89	a	94
——— ordinary	85	a	88
East India, white	98	a	108
——— yellow	91	a	97
——— brown	86	a	90

MOLASSES 49s. 0d. a 50s. 0d.

REFINED SUGAR.

Double Loaves	153	a	190
Hambro' ditto	134	a	140
Powder ditto	134	a	140
Single ditto	130	a	137
Canary Lumps	124	a	132
Large ditto	122	a	123
Bastards, whole	94	a	96
——— faces	95	a	103
——— middles	96	a	98
——— tips -	92	a	95

GINGER.

Jamaica, white	82	a	200
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80
——— black	70	a	75

RICE, *Bonded.*

Carolina -	24	a	26
Brazil - -	26	a	28

COFFEE, *Bonded.*

	s	d		s	d
Dominica, Surinam, &c.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	70	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	67	0	a	69	0
Triage	30	0	a	50	0
Jamaica.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	60	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	40	0	a	59	0
Triage	20	0	a	39	0
Mocha	300	0	a	600	0
Bourbon	90	0	a	120	0
St. Domingo	60	0	a	70	0
Java -	90	0	a	100	0

COCOA, *Bonded.*

Trinidad and Carraccas	90	0	a	100	0
Plantation	65	0	a	80	0

SPICES and PEPPER, per lb.

Nutmegs	18	0	a	24	0
Cloves	10	0	a	10	0
Cinnamon	10	6	a	11	6
Mace	36	0	a	42	0
Pepp. white	5	3	a	—	6
—— black	2	5	a	2	0
Pimento	2	0	a	—	6

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 58s. 11¼d.

Sugars have been very dull this month, and raw sugars are a little lower.

HOPS *in the Borough.*

BAGS	£	s		£	s	POCKETS	£	s		£	s
Kent - -	6	0	a	9	0	Kent - -	7	7	a	10	10
Sussex - -	5	15	a	8	10	Sussex - -	7	10	a	10	5
Essex - -	0	0	a	0	0	Farnham -	13	0	a	15	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Oct.	Wheat. s	s	Barley. s		s	Oats. s		s	Beans. s		s	Peas. s		s
Newcastle	9	68a	88	40	a	42	28	a	35	—	a	—	—	a	—
Northampton	—	—a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Canterbury	—	—a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Lewes	16	88a	94	50	a	53	34	a	36	52	a	56	54	a	56
Chesterfield	9	80a	96	50	a	60	30	a	36	60	a	74	—	a	—
Ashborne	9	100a	110	—	a	—	36	a	42	64	a	76	—	a	—
Guildford	16	—a	—	50	a	56	32	a	40	50	a	58	58	a	60
Gainsboro'	12	93a	95	50	a	55	33	a	35	55	a	80	—	a	—
Louth	13	80a	90	48	a	52	20	a	27	—	a	—	—	a	—
Huntingdon	9	72a	96	50	a	55	24	a	30	60	a	63	—	a	—
Newark	13	90a	96	50	a	58	30	a	40	70	a	80	—	a	—
Spitsby	11	80a	95	48	a	54	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Ryegate	—	—a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Devizes	14	88a	100	46	a	55	37	a	42	70	a	80	—	a	—
Reading	16	76a	105	40	a	50	29	a	40	45	a	73	63	a	66
Swansea	13	92a	—	48	a	—	24	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Henley	—	—a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Maidenhead	—	—a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Salisbury	12	78a	88	44	a	50	28	a	40	60	a	80	60	a	70
Penrith	—	—a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Hull	—	—a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Basingstoke	13	82a	100	46	a	53	29	a	38	53	a	69	—	a	—
Wakefield	15	60a	90	36	a	40	32	a	38	70	a	74	—	a	—
Andover	—	—a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Warminster	16	81a	99	46	a	60	36	a	48	70	a	80	—	a	—

SPIRITS, *per Gallon (exclusive of duty).*

	s	d		s	d		s	d		s	d
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6	Mol. Spirits, British	13	10	a	14	0
—— Spanish	5	0	a	5	2	—— Irish -	0	0	a	0	0
Hollands Gin	8	0	a	8	6	—— Scotch	0	0	a	0	0
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9	Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0	0
—— Lew. Isl.	3	9	a	4	6						

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR SEPTEMBER, 1813.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1813. SEPT.	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Pressure. Min.	Pressure. Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Temperature. Min.	Temperature. Mean.	Weather.	Evap	Rain.
1	S 1	30,35	29,90	30,125	66,0°	46,0°	56,00°	fine	.080	
2	S E 1	29,90	29,80	29,850	68,0	52,0	60,00	gloomy	.060	—
3	S 1	29,85	29,65	29,750	66,0	52,0	59,00	gloomy	.100	
4	S 2	29,65	29,40	29,525	64,0	54,0	61,00	gloomy	.136	—
5	S W 1	29,50	29,45	29,475	67,0	53,0	60,00	fine	.102	.438
6	S 4	29,45	28,50	28,975	61,0	45,0	53,00	rainy	.042	—
7	S W 3	29,30	28,50	28,900	68,0	56,0	62,00	rainy	.038	—
8	W 2	29,65	29,30	29,475	55,0	44,0	49,50	rainy	.032	.815
9	N W 2	30,30	29,65	29 975	64,0	43,0	53,50	fine	.064	.840
10	N W 1	30,35	30,30	30,325	58,0	41,0	49,50	gloomy	.058	.290
11	N W 1	30,35	30,25	30,300	68,0	52,0	60,00	gloomy	.036	—
12	S W 1	30,25	29,95	30,100	68,0	55,0	61,50	gloomy	—	—
13	S W 1	29,95	29,95	29,950	63,0	46,0	54,50	gloomy	.084	—
14	S W 1	30,30	29,95	30,125	61,0	52,0	56,50	brilliant	—	.450
15	S W 1	30,30	30,20	30,250	62,0	45,0	53,50	brilliant	—	
16	S W 1	30,50	30,20	30,350	63,0	52,0	57,50	brilliant	.194	
17	S W 1	30,50	30,50	30,500	64,0	50,0	57,00	brilliant	.088	
18	N W 1	30,50	30,30	30,400	68,0	42,0	55,00	fine	.100	
19	N E 1	30,30	30,18	30,240	68,0	44,0	56,00	brilliant	—	
20	N E 1	30,18	30,18	30,180	67,0	48,0	57,50	brilliant	.180	.105
21	N W 1	30,18	30,18	30,180	64,0	50,0	57,00	brilliant	.090	
22	N W 1	30,30	30,18	30,240	63,0	51,0	57,00	brilliant	.089	
23	N E 1	30,35	30,30	30,325	63,0	52,0	57,50	gloomy	.085	
24	N W 1	30,55	30,35	30,450	61,0	50,0	55,50	gloomy	.082	
25	N W 1	30,45	30,55	30,500	59,0	48,0	53,50	gloomy	.040	
26	N 1	30,45	30,40	30,425	59,0	49,0	54,00	gloomy	—	
27	Var. 1	30,40	30,25	30,325	62,0	52,0	57,00	gloomy	—	
28	S W 1	30,40	30,35	30,375	56,0	46,0	51,00	gloomy	--	.070
29	N E 1	30,54	30,35	30,445	55,0	44,0	49,50	gloomy	—	
30	E 1	30,54	30,40	30,470	60,0	56,0	53,00	fine	.260	
			Mean	30,083		*Mean*	55,91		2,040	3,008

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 30.083—maximum, 30.55, wind N. W. 1.— Minimum, 28.50, wind S. 4.—Range, 2,05 inches.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .95 of an in. which was on the 6th.

Mean temperature, 55°.91.--Maximum, 68°, wind var.--Min. 41°, Range 27.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 26°, which was on the 18th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 6,6 inches.—Number of changes, 13.

Total quantity of water evaporated, 3,008 inches.

Rain, &c. this month, 2,040 inches.—Number of wet days, 10.—Total rain this year, 21,710 inches.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
1	5	1	1	4	9	1	7	1	0

Brisk winds 1—Boisterous ones 1.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR SEPTEMBER, 1813.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, *Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.*

1813 SEPT.	Wind.	Pressure. Max	Pressure. Min.	Pressure. Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Temperature. Min.	Temperature. Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
1	S E	30,05	29,85	29,950	65°	56°	60,5°	cloudy	—	—
☾ 2	S W	29,90	29,85	29,875	67	48	57,5	showers	—	—
3	S	29,95	29,85	29,900	75	58	66,5	cloudy	—	
4	S	29,85	29,75	29,800	73	60	66,5	showers	—	—
5	S W	29,75	29,25	29,500	70	56	63,0	showers	—	.69
6	S W	29,49	29,27	29,380	68	52	60,0	windy	.61	—
7	W	29,67	29,49	29,580	64	44	54,0	showery	—	—
8	N W	29,85	29,67	29,760	56	43	49,5	cloudy	—	—
9	N W	30,19	29,85	30,020	50	41	45,5	fine	—	
○ 10	N W	30,24	30,19	30,215	61	49	55,0	fine	—	
11	S W	30,24	30,10	30,170	70	58	64,0	fine	.55	
12	S W	30,06	30,00	30,030	72	51	61,5	fine	—	
13	N W	30,06	30,05	30,055	63	51	57,0	fine	—	.18
14	N W	30,18	30,06	30,120	64	42	53,0	fine	—	
15	S W	30,18	30,17	30,175	70	51	60,5	fine	—	
16	N W	30,28	30,17	30,225	67	51	59,0	fine	.63	
☽ 17	Var.	30,28	30,26	30,270	70	54	62,0	fine	—	
18	E	30,26	30,10	30,180	67	46	56,5	fine	.13	
19	E	30,10	29,92	30,010	67	42	54,5	fine	—	
20	N E	29,90	29,89	29,895	67	46	56,5	fine	—	
21	N E	29,91	29,87	29,890	65	51	58,0	showery	—	—
22	N E	29,96	29,90	29,930	65	49	57,0	showers	—	—
23	N	30,01	29,96	29,985	61	52	56,5	showers	—	—
● 24	N	30,11	30,01	30,060	63	47	55,0	fine	—	.20
25	N	30,11	30,03	30,070	60	51	55,5	fine	—	
26	N	30,03	30,01	30,020	65	49	57,0	fine	.73	
27	E	30,01	29,94	29,975	65	45	55,0	cloudy	—	
28	N E	—	—	—	60	47	53,5	cloudy	—	
29	N	30,12	29,94	30,030	61	47	54,0	fine	—	
30	Var.	30,12	29,84	29,980	60	37	48,5	fine	.38	
			Mean	29,967		*Mean*	57,0	*Total*	3,03*in.*	1.07*in.*

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, northerly.—Mean height of barometer, 29,967 inches; highest observation, 30,28 inches; lowest, 29,25 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 57,°.—highest observation, 75°—lowest, 37°.—Total of evaporation, 3,03 inches.—Rain 1,07 in.

Notes.—1st. Slight showers in the evening.—2nd. Very cloudy morning.—5th. Heavy rain between six and seven o'clock A. M.—a lunar halo at night —6th. Rainy morning—wind high. —7th. Showery, with high wind.—9th. Very fine moonlight night.—14th. A shower of rain in the morning.—16th. A solar halo about five o'clock P. M.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for OCTOBER, 1813.

Albion Fire and Life Assurance	£42	per sh.
Globe Ditto	103	do.
Imperial Ditto	42 10s.	do.
London Dock Stock	£100	per ct.
West India Ditto	144 a 145	do.
Grand Junction Waterworks	£38	per sh.
Colchester Ditto	12 5s.	do.
East London Ditto	63	do.
West Middlesex Ditto	30	do.
Birmingham Canal	545	do.
Grand Junction Ditto	210	do.
Coventry Ditto	800	do.
Huddersfield Ditto	12 5s.	do.
Grantham Canal	£120	per sh.
Kennett and Avon Ditto	20 a 20 5s.	do.
Ellesmere Ditto	66	do.
Oxford Ditto	645	do.
Croydon Ditto	18 15s.	do.
Nottingham Ditto	210	do.
Shrewsbury Ditto	110	do.
London Institution	43	do.
Surry Ditto	15 15s.	do.
Drury-Lane Theatre, Old	240	do.
Ditto Ditto, New	355	do.
Gas Light Company	5	do.

WOLFE & Co. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill, & FORTUNE & Co. 13, Cornhill.

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct Consols.	3 pr.ct. Red.	4 pr.ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr.ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium	Impl.3 pr.ct.	Impl. Anns.	Irish 5 pr ct	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchqr. Bills.3½d.	St. Lotty. Tickets	Cons. for ac. Oct 12
Sep. 21	Shut	58¼ a ⅛	Shut	Shut	88	Shut	7⅛ *Pm.*	—	—	Shut	—	Shut	171	*Par.*	2 *Pm.*	£24. 8.	58½ a ⅜
22	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
23	—	58¼ a ⅜	—	—	88¼	$14\frac{13}{16}$	7¼ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 *Dis.*	2 *Pm.*		58½ a ¼
24	—	58⅛ a ⅜	58⅞	73½	88¼	Shut	7⅜ *Pm.*	57¼	—	—	61½	—	—	2 *Dis.*	2 *Pm.*		58½ a ⅝
25	—	58⅜ a ⅝	59⅛	74	88½	—	7¾ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	173	2 *Dis.*	2 *Pm.*		58⅝ a ⅞
27	—	58½ a ¼	59¼	Shut	88⅝	—	7⅞ *Pm*	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 *Dis.*	2 *Pm.*		58⅞ a 9
28	—	58¾ a ⅝	59¼	—	88⅝	—	7⅞ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 *Dis.*	1 *Pm.*		59 a 8¾
29	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
30	—	58⅝ a ⅞	59¼	—	88¾	—	8¼ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 *Dis.*	*Par.*		58⅞ a 9⅛
Oct. 1	—	59 a 58¾	Shut	—	88⅞	—	8⅜ *Pm.*	57⅝	—	—	—	—	174	1 *Dis.*	*Par.*		59¼ a 8⅞
2	—	58⅞ a 59	—	—	88¾	—	8⅜ *Pm.*	—	4⅜	—	—	—	—	1 *Dis.*	1 *Dis.*	£22. 15.	59 a 8⅞
4	—	58¾ a ⅝	—	—	88¾	—	8⅛ *Pm.*	57½	—	—	—	—	—	1 *Dis.*	*Par.*		58⅞ a ¾
5	—	58¾ a ¼	—	74⅛	88⅜	—	7¾ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	173½	2 *Dis.*	3 *Dis.*		58⅝ a ½
6	—	58¼ a ¾	59	74	88	—	7¾ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 *Dis*	1 *Pm.*		58⅜ a ⅞
7	—	58⅝ a ⅜	59	74	88¼	—	7¾ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 *Dis*	2 *Pm.*		58¼ a ½
8	—	58½ a ⅜	58¾	Shut	88⅛	—	7½ *Pm.*	—	—	—	61⅞	—	—	1 *Dis.*	5 *Pm.*		58⅜ a ½
9	—	58½ a ¼	—	—	88⅛	—	7⅜ *Pm*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	4 *Pm.*		Nov. 26
11	216	58 a ⅛	57	72	88	$14\frac{3}{16}$	7⅛ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	56⅞	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		—
12	216	58⅛ a 7⅞	56⅞	72⅞	88	$14\frac{3}{16}$	6¾ *Pm.*	—	—	85½	—	—	172½	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58⅜ a ⅝
13	216½	58¼ a ⅛	57⅛	71⅞	88¼	$14\frac{3}{16}$	7 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58½ a ⅝
14	216¾	58⅛ a 7¾	57	71⅞	88¼	$14\frac{3}{16}$	6⅞ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	173½	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58⅛ a ¼
15	217	57⅞ a ⅝	56¾	71½	88	14⅛	6⅜ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58 a ¼
16	—	57¾ a ⅝	56⅝	71⅜	88	$14\frac{1}{16}$	6⅛ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58¼ a 7⅞
18	—	57⅜ a ⅝	56⅜	71⅛	87⅞	—	5⅝ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	56⅜	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm*		57⅞ a 8
19	217	57½ a 58	56⅝	71⅜	88⅛	14⅛	6½ *Pm.*	—	—	85¾	—	56¼	—	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		57⅞ a 8⅜
20	—	58⅛ a ⅜	57⅛	71¾	88⅜	$14\frac{3}{16}$	6⅞ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	172½	*Par.*	5 *Pm.*		58¼ a ⅜

Highest and lowest prices of 3 per cent. consols, others highest only.—HORNSBY and Co. Stock-Brokers, State Lottery-Office, 26, Corn hill.

L. Harrison & J. C. Leigh, Printers, 373, Strand.